

A MAGAZINE FOR LOVERS  
OF GOOD READING

# THE *Liguorian*

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## Amongst Ourselves

We have always felt uneasy when writing appeals in behalf of the purpose of Catholic Press month (February, if you didn't know). We were always aware that anybody who would happen to read what we were writing for a Catholic journal would not need to be told to read Catholic journals. To berate such people for not reading always seemed like the same kind of folly that might induce a preacher in a pulpit to castigate the people who were listening to him for the slothful people who were not there. Furthermore, we always felt acutely conscious of the fact that it is not by telling or commanding people to read that they are transformed into readers, but by providing the type of reading matter that will attract them, and then getting it within their reach by sane, moderate, intelligent means of publicity. It is not a reasonable part of the means of publicity merely to tell people they must read, nor to tell people who already read Catholic journals that they are lax, slothful, lacking in zeal, etc.

However, there is a large field of action in which people can move who already read (and read because they like it) some Cath-

olic publication. It should be for them much like finding a shop that has specially good commodities at moderate prices, or a restaurant that offers unusually tasty food without charging more than the mediocre eating-place; as people instinctively tell their friends about such finds, so they should speak of the attractive and flavorsome intellectual commodities that they have discovered. After all, one of the best features of almost all Catholic publications is that they are not made the subject of high-pressure advertising such as is used to sell headache tablets, stomach settlers, alcoholics and cosmetics. You never see a 10 by 20 sign-board exalting the merits of a Catholic publication; nor a full, nor even a half page in a newspaper foisting one upon your attention. Good Catholic reading is one of the things you almost have to find for yourself; but when you have found it, you should become the medium of its advertising to others.

The LIGUORIAN counts many readers who are also advertisers. We shall be pleased if this February, as Catholic Press month, finds many more assuming that dual role.

### THE LIGUORIAN PAMPHLET OFFICE

offers a select list of pamphlets and books to the consideration of Liguorian readers. Write for the list, and have your name entered into the files for announcement of new pamphlets as they are published. Good reading matter is here offered for every vocation and for every human problem.

### The Liguorian

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# THE Liguorian

*a magazine for the lovers of good reading*



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*Devoted to the Unchangeable Principles of Truth, Justice, Democracy and Religion,  
and to All That Brings Happiness to Human Beings*

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## Old Man's Lament

This is a fairly accurate translation of many interviews with an old man, who doesn't mind baring his spiritual wounds.

*D. F. Miller*

I AM a product of bad reading. Now that I am slowly emerging from the confusion, disillusionment and folly of my wasted years, I think I can describe the process by which I stultified myself and made a thing to be forgotten — but that cannot be forgotten — out of the best part of my life. You see, I am old now, an old man trying to look forward but compelled by a grim and futile bitterness to keep looking back on the mad past. That, no doubt, is why I am writing. It is as if there could be a kind of escape from the past in setting it all down; it is as if this writing might close a door that I need never open again.

When one is old, one is inclined to be honest with oneself — a harder task, I sometimes think, for one who is young, than that of being honest with others. Indeed, I am not at all ashamed to say now that there was a great deal of cant and hypocrisy in my attitude toward reading when I was young. For example, we talked much, in my day, about the necessity of seeing the other side, of being broadminded and well-informed, of being able to read anything because

all knowledge was good and useful. We talked as if we knew all about the side of orthodoxy and Christian philosophy and revealed religion, and were just complementing our knowledge of that by looking into the other side. As a matter of fact, however, we knew nothing about the philosophy of order and certainty that underlies true religion. The group I ran around with had no one in it who possessed more than a child's smattering of the catechism; and we had all more or less sealed our minds against any further analysis or maturer knowledge of Christianity. So we bragged that we were going to see the other side; we took courses at the university which gave us nothing but the other side; we read every new book that came out blasting Christianity; but we never read a book, nor even a pamphlet, that defended, or explained in mature language, the foundations of Christianity. I sometimes think that there wouldn't be any such thing as bad reading in the field of false philosophy and religion, if those who read that sort of stuff had read before or were reading simultaneously an equal share of defenses and ex-

planations of Christianity. But we couldn't get enough of the anti-Christian stuff, and we considered it an assault on truth to even look at Thomas Aquinas or Cardinal Mercier or Newman. And we called that broadmindedness!

I will even go further, now that old age has made me truthful, and say that, even without any positive study of what might be said for a philosophy of law and order and religion in human affairs, we all had an uneasy feeling, an instinctive conviction (which we would not dare reveal in words to one another), that we were being hoodwinked and hornsoggled by many of the things we read. But it was so pleasant to be hoodwinked, and it provided us with such complete freedom of action, limited only by respect for public opinion and the sanctions of civil law, that we swallowed it all without remonstrance. We were, as many of our professors were, great devotees of William James in my day; we would rave about his English style; would nod together sagely over his naïve and naturalistic explanations of the miracles and ecstasies of saints like Theresa and John of the Cross; and smirk and smack our lips over the practical consequences of his laboriously worked out thesis that truth is relative and personal and individual — "it's what gives you the most for the least." That's the way one of my companions phrased it, and I remember that he immediately translated it into a plea for sexual indulgence. It just didn't sound right to me, I remember, and I know it didn't sound right to him from the way he argued, but it was very pleasant and consoling.

I remember too that there was a moment of sharp distrust of my mas-

ters when the story came out that the great James had left behind him in death a sort of challenge to the deity. He had written a secret message and locked it up in some hiding place, promising that if there were an after-world, he would reveal from wherever he was what was in that message before the date set for its opening. The thought immediately struck me (I wonder if it didn't strike others) that if there were a God, and He permitted a man like James to reveal something about eternity, He would be a pretty sorry sort of deity. But the incident was accepted as a great joke on God around the campus, and learned professors expressed themselves gleefully over it as if saying: "That'll show 'em!" It all seemed just silly to me.

But these momentary doubts and misgivings were all swept aside in the rush of so-called "good-living." We were unhampered and inhibited in any way. Of course we were men of culture and learning, and assumed a certain amount of dignity and respectability in public, but there was nothing to prevent us from doing what we liked in our private lives and secret relationships with others. Weren't we supported in that by everything we read and heard? By being broadminded and open to new ideas, and concerned about seeing the other side, hadn't we learned that virtue is convention, law is mere custom, and truth is relative? I don't need to give a detailed account of what a twenty year old youth, with newly ripened passions and plenty of opportunity, can get away with on the basis of such principles. Think the worst if you want to; it won't be too bad. But don't think that it's wonderful and makes life everything one



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wants. Don't think you missed something if you got through life without a period like that. You missed only a little bit of hell.

But it wasn't only our intellectual free-thinking and free-reading that supported our a-moral and immoral conduct. The boast of intellectual and academic freedom almost invariably is made a defense of bad reading in another sense; in that of soaking up all the obscenity one can get hold of. Here too dishonesty with self is prominent. I find almost a macabre amusement in looking back and recalling how our group would sit down and discuss, in the most solemn and scientific manner, the literary merits of certain obscene books, when each one of us had actually devoured the books with an eye chiefly to the pornographic passages. To hear us talk, one would think we were sticks and stones, or disembodied spirits looking down with pity on frail humanity's fleshy excursions. We were both liars and fools. We were affected by what we read. We did things we never would have done, had we not read some perverted mind's filthy descriptions. We sought opportunities that would never have come up in a normal life, had we not been made to yearn for the exotic and forbidden pleasures by reading some author, who, as likely as not, ended his life by suicide. But we possessed academic freedom; and how the very thought of somebody's dictating to us what we should read and not read would curl our lips in arrogant scorn!

But it is not only what all this does to a man in his youth that makes his old age sad and bitter; the worst is what it does to his active years. I faced life with no sense of responsibility; with no equipment for hanging

on to worth-while things. I got married and divorced and married again and divorced again. It sounds rather off-hand and unimportant to state it simply in that way, but those events shook to the foundation all my care-free philosophy and, seeming contradiction that it is, drove me back upon it with greater attachment than before. Thus my life has been a kind of constant conflict — the kind of interior conflict that psychiatrists say leads to dementia. I was forever getting glimpses of and desires for solid things; then dimly remembered scoffing passages of modern masters would come to mind and make me curse myself for folly. Then new desires would awaken in my heart and I would be thankful for the scoffing passages and let myself go. But the dim and shadowy convictions of a world of order and law and responsibility and virtue and religion would remain in the background and I could never wash them entirely out of my mind.

My first marriage was a short period of clinging to something that I wanted to be solid and lasting. Sure, I approached it with all the ready-made clichés of the free-thinker's world. "Marriage is a convention; the wedding ceremony is a tradition of long standing, without necessity or special meaning; there is nothing religious or sacred about marriage." Yet I wanted it to be lasting; it was the easiest and most natural thing in the world to pledge myself to the girl I married for life; it gave me the sense of solidity and stability that all my life I had half consciously wanted and yet had consciously scorned. But it didn't last, because I didn't bring anything to it except a wish. I didn't realize that I was the one who had to make it solid and lasting, and I couldn't do it. As

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soon as the first signs of weariness and restlessness appeared I thought of all the glowing defenses of divorce I had ever read and was soon putting them into practice. I hated it, yet I wanted it! I felt everything collapsing in that divorce, and yet I was attracted by the new beginning of freedom it would give me. I went out more than ever before for agnosticism, license, freedom. I said wild things about the Catholic Church and all religion, realizing deep down in my heart that I was fighting the only thing that could have given me peace.

So it was with my second marriage and my second divorce. Life was slipping by on me, and it had given me nothing worth while. I was bitter, lonely, unhappy. It was only when it was far too late that I began being honest with myself—began reading some of the things I should have read long before, began talking to people who could give me an appraisal of the philosophy I had been trying to get away from all my life, began thinking

my own thoughts and not those of the scoffers and haters and libertines.

I have found out that we who were so crazy over men like James and Royce and Dewey and Spencer were taken in by colossal ignorance dressed up in literary style and pedagogic arrogance. We were taken in by our own passions, which wanted a defense even though they could only find it in ignorant men. I know now that there was insincerity attached to the ignorance of those I blindly followed, because they must have known that if everybody took them seriously as I did, the world would go to pieces in a week.

But it's too late to salvage any of my wasted and unhappy life. I can only salvage my soul now, though I know that that salvage is of far greater value than what I have lost. But it might have been far otherwise, and my old age could know comfort, companionship and peace, if only I didn't think, when I was young, that "I could read anything."

## *Questions*

One day I was making my way to the British Museum in London when a tall, spare man, respectably dressed, brushed past me and without any warning whispered hoarsely into my right ear the words: "Have you been saved?" Then he hurried on without as much as another glance in my direction, as I stood there in blank amazement. Perhaps he belonged to the Salvation Army. At any rate, he very likely belonged to the religion that advertised Bible quotations in large letters on bill-posters. I approve of this kind of advertising in principle, but rather than printing Biblical quotations (which ought to be held too sacred for this sort of thing) or the wishy-washy appeals one so frequently sees, I would suggest an advertisement like the following:

Do you help, or do you pervert others?  
Are you a trouble-maker, tale-bearer?  
Is your tongue loose, forever wagging?  
Are you just a time-server, heartless bureaucrat?  
How can you laugh when your soul is so sorrowful?  
Beware: your time is short.  
The reckoning will come!

— Willibrord Verkade

# For Mothers of Five or More

Here is an account of the world's most exclusive club—started in Detroit several years ago.

R. A. Gaydos

MORE than one explosion has shattered what started out to be a cozy evening of cards. With a group of men the fuse is usually lit by a partner's "boner" or the angry suspicion of cheating. At a "hen party," the ordinary detonator is an especially catty remark by one of the girls. One such catty remark made at a card game in Detroit back in May of 1934 did not actually break up the evening, but it caused repercussions that resound to this day. It set in motion the wheels of organization for one of the world's most exclusive women's clubs. Even after all this time the club has only one unit and that still in Detroit, but its story is interesting for women all over America.

Mrs. Vincent Green, who lived with her husband and their seven children in east Detroit, was playing cards one night at a parish party. She was thoroughly enjoying the evening of well-earned relaxation. Then came the catty remark: "Green, I think any mother of seven kids ought to be at home looking after them."

That hurt Mrs. Green. Sure, she had seven children, she reasoned, but should that stop her from having a little recreation once in a while? Obtaining this relaxation in spite of heavy housework and a large family, however, always required crafty management. She knew of other women with large families in her parish of St. John Berchmans with the same problem. She decided something could be done about the situation and before finally going to sleep that night she had formed a plan.

The next morning the usual cyclone swept through the house as the children dressed, ate breakfast and hunted for school books. Placidly Mrs. Green wrote hasty notes to those other mothers who were likely prospects for her new idea. The children delivered them for her on their way to school.

There were services at the church that night, so all the women stayed afterwards to learn about the scheme. They listened eagerly and then accepted the plan hungrily. That first meeting was the establishment of the *Mothers-of-Five-Club*. Except for newspaper notices during the first two years of its existence, the club has gone along almost totally unknown to the public, but it has exerted a tremendous influence on the lives of its members.

Mothers-of-Five. This name stated the main condition necessary for any woman to become a club member. A stiff requirement in this age of sophistication and selfishness, but Mrs. Green had no trouble at all in rounding up nine charter members. All were Catholics and members of her parish. All were busy home-makers single-handedly keeping house for their large families. All had smarted under the sting of pitying remarks from "sympathizing" friends about their "hard" life. All welcomed the idea of intimate contact with women like themselves, whose problems and sorrows, joys and triumphs, were exactly like their own.

Originally the main purpose of the club was to give the women an oc-

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casional free night when they could each drop the cares of home and family to enjoy one another's company. The club rules were simple, not even filling one side of ordinary type-writer paper. "Mothers of five or more children may be members. House dresses are to be worn to meetings. A fee of five cents from each member to be paid at each meeting, which at the present time is used to buy material for a quilt for the church bazaar, later to be given to the hostess to provide refreshments, which may not consist of more than cake and coffee or wafers and tea. Our motto is 'Charity toward all' and we are striving to live up to it. The club was started May 23, 1934 at the home of Mrs. Vincent Green, and is enthusiastically going forward with the approval of all who hear of it. . . ."

Each mother was to take turns acting as hostess to the club in her own home. On the occasion of that first meeting, the nine charter members left no less than sixty-eight children at home under the care of their husbands.

Even the husbands went for the M-of-F club as fervently as did their wives. Listen to what one of these men wrote to the public letter column of a Detroit newspaper about a year after the club began: "As a husband of a member of this club, I am heartily in favor of it, as I know my wife must get tired of looking at me all the time. I have my union meetings; why shouldn't she have her outlet? . . . To all mothers of large families I say, get together and see what swell times you can have. And to the fathers — well, you'll get a big kick out of having the kids all to yourselves one night a week. . . . We owe it to our wives to encourage them in

this idea. It will make more true friends and happier lives."

This opinion echoed that of every husband affected by the club, as I found out by speaking to the men themselves. Unless your memory is extremely short, you will remember that 1934 and the years following it found all of us walking in the despondent pit of the depression's worst depths. These men, then engaged in the desperate struggle to support their families, quickly realized the important benefits their wives would gain from the club activity. In fact, by saying, "It will make more true friends and happier lives," the man who penned those lines was uttering a prophecy.

At that time each and every one of the families was poor. The effort to keep the children properly fed and decently clothed was a constant worry. Most of these people had lost their homes. Money for the most ordinary amusements simply did not exist. For a time one mother was reduced to giving her children a meal of rice twice a day just to keep them alive. This caused the other members to work out secret club activities of their own: they took turns leaving a loaf of bread or a jar of preserves or other items from their own meagre pantries at the doorstep of this woman's house. She suspected the M-of-F left these gifts from heaven, but to this day does not know exactly what part the individual members themselves played in the scheme.

With these facts in mind, we can easily understand how the bi-weekly membership dues of 5 cents were a big item. We can clearly see why the "rules" stipulated that party refreshments could be nothing more elaborate than coffee and cake or tea and

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wafers — and why only housedresses could be worn to the meetings. "Because it was doubtful," says Mrs. Green, "if all of us had what is called a good dress."

There was no room for putting on airs or for petty jealousy at the meetings. When you can accomplish that with any group of women, no matter who they are, you have an unusually tender love knitting the organization together in the highest type of mutual understanding. Consequently, the gatherings were always informal. The women were at ease, did as they pleased — played games, or cards, or (as they did most frequently) simply revelled in the relaxation of homey conversation — and lots of it!

One of the M-of-F told me: "So delightful did we find each other's company from the very first! It was soothing to air some of our most difficult child problems, only to discover in most cases that some other mother had had them before and could ease our worry as to the outcome. It was refreshing to go home thinking, 'Well, it's not so bad anyway.' To this day there is a bond of understanding among the Mothers-of-Five that is very sweet."

Not an unimportant item during those difficult depression years was the by-line of exchanging outgrown children's clothing at the meetings. With almost a hundred youngsters affiliated to the club, the women found it perfectly natural to give clothes to the mother with a boy or girl currently having the correct size. It was a process of an almost perfect cycle benefiting every family and hurting none.

It is significant that one cause of the strong bond of unity in the club came from the women's unanimous abhorrence of artificial birth control.

At different times each of them had been approached by "enlightened" social-workers suggesting "planned parenthood" as a means of relieving their economic stress. Each had been approached with an attitude of incredulity, as if it were impossible that any mother today would actually carry out God's law to the extent of having five, seven, and even nine children. Why, they seemed to say, would a mother of a family not jump at the chance to learn of "Planned Parenthood?"

"As if we didn't know all about it," says a M-of-F, "as if we didn't have it shoved at us from every side — by nurses, by some doctors, and through the mails! I thank God fervently every day for the supreme joy I find in each one of my darlings — all eleven of 'em. And to think that the last six little members of my family would not exist today if I had obeyed the doctor's orders to attend a 'Mothers' Clinic for my health.'

"I get so boiling mad," she finished with fire in her eye, "when it comes to discussing kids or no kids. I'm no silver-tongued orator, but by golly, I tell 'em off!"

One of the M-of-F members will tell you with tears in her eyes how she owes her life to one of the other members. "My ninth baby was soon to arrive. I was physically exhausted, besides having the house to take care of and the other youngsters. We had no money for a hospital delivery, so I had decided to have my baby at home. Mine was a sad case and I was miserably tired, but I was also fully determined that God would take care of me. You know what happened? Another M-of-F mentioned my case to a friend of hers and she in turn told Sister X down at one of Detroit's

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finest Catholic hospitals. Sister insisted that I enter the hospital immediately. There Mary was born and I had twelve days of the best hospital care available anywhere, all without cost.

"I know how fortunate I was because one day a nurse said to me, 'Lady, I don't know who you are but you certainly rate around here. Sister X is setting this hospital on its ear to give you every facility.'

"Afterwards Sister told me she thinks I surely would have died at home. She's never let me pay a cent on that bill. Says there isn't any bill."

When you speak to any charter members of the M-of-F, a soft glow of satisfaction makes their eyes sparkle as they recall happy memories. Now they smile and laugh over those hard times of the latter 1930's which they helped each other hurdle. One of their joys is to tell of their first annual picnic in which all the families participated a few months after the club started in 1934. All nine families squeezed into six cars and a station wagon for the thirteen-mile trip to the picnic grounds on a farm outside of Detroit. That was not an easy thing to do: 86 men, women and children in seven vehicles, but they had fun doing it and somehow had room for picnic lunches besides. The fathers had a softball game; the mothers talked, gave the necessary first-aid to their youngsters, and prepared lunch; the kids had the time of their lives in the open fields, playing games, eating green apples, and doing away with hundreds of sandwiches and lots of pink lemonade. The next year's picnic found the affiliated membership swelled to thirteen families having the small army of eighty-seven children!

One of the most enjoyable events of the club, ever since its first birthday,

is the annual anniversary banquet the women have with their husbands as guests of honor. On these occasions the children are left at home while mom and dad attend the party held in the home of the hostess for the year. They dance, they sing, they laugh, and they eat. The women all pitch in to prepare the food. Aha, but it is the men, the guests of honor — as they were surprised to learn that first year — who have to do the dishes and clear away the debris. The men found this out when each wife produced a silly looking apron she had secretly carried in her handbag for this special purpose. The men saw the joke and enjoyed it. They have all been caught for a grand spree of dish-washing once a year ever since.

Was this fun? Mrs. Green answers the question. "Never, *never* will anyone who attended forget that first dinner. We laughed so much, our throats hurt for three days." Then you feel that electric shock tickle your spine as she continues, "And we were young parents who had almost forgotten how to laugh! We still have our anniversary dinner but none will ever compare to the first one, not even last year's when the completely worn out Green dining table *actually collapsed* without a moment's notice just as dessert was being served."

The enjoyment they had was priceless and the encouraging strength they gained from one another in difficulties could have come from no other human source. More than one mother has said she got through a trying winter or overcame deep sorrow and sickening worry much better because of the M-of-F club. "It will make more true friends and happier lives."

Today, after eleven and a half years of existence, the club still functions.



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The meetings are not held at regular intervals but only on the birthdays of the thirteen members. The M-of-F celebrating her birthday acts as hostess to the club, though now she may have more than coffee and cake or tea and wafers. The dues have jumped up to twenty-five or fifty cents, depending on the mission project the women are currently engaged in — they love to supply the missions and usually do so by purchasing vestment material which two or more of their expert seamstresses make up into the club's personal gift to the Saviour. In parish activities they usually contribute their time, labor and money as a group.

The club membership has fluctuated from time to time. Members have moved from the city; two have died. The present club roster has twelve living members, of whom four are charter members. Together these women have a grand total of 117 children, including five deceased or an average of nine children per family. At the height of the war nineteen of these were in the service. They have earned a goodly amount of decorations, and one of them earned for his mother the precious Gold Star.

Amongst the children so far there are three seminarians. At a time when the rest of the nation is keenly conscious of America's serious youth problem, the M-of-F Club can make the proud boast that its mothers have *no delinquent children!*

Practically every family connected with the original club now owns its own home. The original urgent need of inexpensive recreation no longer exists as it did during the lean years. Many of the children are growing up, so the mothers have more time for leisure and fewer troubles to share. Still, the club has retained so much of its original spirit of understanding and true friendship that there is no thought of breaking it up.

The club has accomplished its purposes many times better than was at first expected. It has been a hand when a hand was needed; it has furnished laughs when it was difficult to smile; it has been tender friendship when all the world was an enemy. That is why these women are unanimous in feeling that mothers of large families in other parts of the country would benefit by some kind of similar clubs.

## Careless Words

To submit to the Catholic Church seems, in prospect, to be going out from the familiar and the beloved and the understood into a huge, heartless wilderness, where one will be eyed and doubted and snubbed. Certainly that is largely an illusion; yet is, I think, the last emotional snare spread by Satan to the prospective convert; and I think that he is occasionally aided in spreading it by the carelessness of Catholic controversialists. Two incidents of the kind very nearly put out the dawning light of faith in me altogether just before I became a Catholic. *In both cases it was a careless sentence snapped out by a good, sincere Catholic in a public discourse. . . .* Is it any wonder that again and again the miserable person creeps back into the twilight of Protestantism sooner than bear any more, believing that a half-light with charity must be nearer to God's heart than the glare of a desert? — *Monsignor Hugh Benson*





## Three Minute Instruction

### What Are Bad Books

Many people often hear the advice: Don't read bad books. They also know that Catholics are forbidden to read bad books. But there are many who neither know what bad books are, nor why they should not be read. There are three kinds of bad books, and in the very definition of each kind, it will be seen why they should not be read.

1. *Intellectually bad books.* Any book is intellectually bad for an individual if it is liable to convince him of erroneous teachings because he is not well enough educated to detect either false starting principles or bad argumentation. For example, a book written by a learned hater of the Catholic Church against the Church, which makes use of learned-sounding historical and philosophical arguments against the Church, would be a bad book for a Catholic who has not studied enough history and philosophy to be able to detect the errors of principle, fact or argumentation. So too with books against Christ or Christianity, against the sacredness of marriage, etc. To one who has made a study of these topics, such books might do no harm; to one who has but surface knowledge they could be the means of warping his judgment and poisoning his mind.

2. *Morally bad books.* A book is morally bad if it strongly induces an individual who reads it to evil thoughts, desires or actions. Books that vividly and lengthily narrate and describe sex actions are bad for anybody because they readily induce such evil thoughts, desires or actions in anybody. The principle must be remembered, in all doubtful cases, that if a book strongly inclines a person to evil, it is a bad book for him.

3. *Emotionally bad books.* A book is emotionally bad for individuals if it awakens day-dreams and arouses emotions that make him unfit for the duties and responsibilities of daily life. Thus a reading diet of cheap love-stories and exotic romances will almost surely make a person think that the only important thing in life is emotion and feeling. The result will be a desire to escape duty; a lessening of regard for virtue when virtue runs contrary to feeling; an inability to lead a well-ordered, useful and wholesome life.

Thus, behind every designation of books as bad there is a reason that is solely concerned with the welfare of human beings. Avoiding bad books is a primary means of self-preservation: it preserves one from errors that blind, from sins that destroy, and from desires and feelings that cripple all the noblest human faculties.

# Filipino Profile

Since the world has shrunk, it is important that different peoples know and understand one another. Here is an insight into one people.

L. G. Miller

SUCH is our national insularity and ignorance of how the other half of the world lives, that most American soldiers have been greatly surprised when they came to the Philippines to find that the natives of the islands do not wear grass skirts and have long since ceased to beat on drum-heads with the jawbones of slain rival warriors. It is, in fact, a source of much embarrassment to the better class of people here that grass skirts are being made available to the soldiers by enterprising Filipino tradesmen, and are being bought and sent home in great numbers by the Americans who apparently are determined to make the native culture correspond to their previous imaginings of it. This in spite of the fact that the sight of someone wearing a grass skirt would cause as much amazement among the people here as it would in Keokuk, Iowa, or Herkimer, New Jersey.

The casual visitor in Manila would be hard put to find any difference between the outward life of that city and any large American city. The people have about the same interests, speak the same language, and pursue their business in about the same way. Manila, on the surface, at least, is very much Westernized.

It is only when one gets out into the provinces that the differences between East and West, between two cultures, are markedly noticeable. And even in the provinces, a passing view is not sufficient to absorb those differences. The writer of these lines has been stationed for about a year with

an army unit in a corner of Batangas Province in Luzon, a few miles from the town of Bauan, and in the *barrio*, or village, of Bolo. Hence the impressions which follow are representative of only a limited perspective. There are 7000 islands in the Philippines group, and every inhabited island has its own peculiar customs. On Luzon alone several dialects are spoken, and the difference between the Igorots in the Northern mountains and the Filipinos of the South is as great as that between the Pueblo Indians and the residents of San Antonio. Any comprehensive study of the Philippines would fill a good-sized set of encyclopedias.

In the customs and traditions followed in the place where we are living one can see the influence of the Americans in many of the externals of life, an influence which is growing, but which has not as yet penetrated very deeply beneath the surface. On the other hand, anyone who lives here for any length of time cannot but be amazed at the way in which the Spaniards left their mark upon the Filipino people. It is not only in the many magnificent churches scattered up and down the country, and the style of architecture as a whole, nor only in the strong hold that the Catholic faith has upon the people; the amazing thing is that the faith extends even to the intimate details and customs of their lives. Whatever could be termed purely Filipino in their way of life has been colored and influenced by that great coloniz-

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ing culture. Spain has, of course, long since lost any political or economic influence here, but the Americanization of the islands is proceeding on a horizontal plane, and while it may eventually spread into every corner of life, it shows little signs of disturbing the deep tap-roots of Spanish tradition.

Eloy, our mess-boy, caused quite a sensation when he appeared for work the other morning dressed in an ensemble consisting of, reading from top to bottom, an ancient straw hat, an out-size G.I. shirt, with tails flapping, and nothing south of the border except a pair of long woolen underwear known affectionately to the military as "long johns." It struck me that the awkwardness of his attire symbolized the lack of ease with which these people are adjusting themselves to the American way of life. It does not sit well on them, because their background is so different.

Eloy's sartorial taste, of course, should not be taken as typical Filipino standards. Taking the people by and large, they dress very smartly, albeit somewhat differently than do we. These differences are due in large measure to the tropical climate. Only in Manila are to be seen those instruments of torture known as the collar and tie. In these parts — in an around the city of Batangas and Bauan — the standard dress for men consists of white trousers and a shirt much like the upper half of a pair of pajamas, made of a very thin and transparent material, and highly decorated with floral designs.

The ordinary dress of the women is much like what one sees in the States, except for the predominance of black. Custom here decrees that the family of a man who dies must appear

in mourning for a year's time, and the many women appearing in black testify to the extent of the massacre perpetrated by the Japanese.

But on festive occasions the women don their beautiful Spanish costumes, colorful and flowing gowns with much lace and many ribbons, and a curious attachment under the cloth at each shoulder like a small hoop. Hats are never worn by the women, except perhaps wide-brimmed straw hats when they are working in the fields. When attending Church services every Filipino woman without exception wears a black *mantilla* on her head, woven out of the finest and most delicate materials.

The children dress like their elders. But little boys up to the age of about six, and even, sometimes, little girls, when they are playing around their homes, wear only a shirt which extends down about as far as the equator. Below that point nothing meets the eye except the native skin. These little shirts have the very practical purpose of protecting the tots from the hot rays of the sun. If there were no sun, there would undoubtedly be no shirts.

But let us hasten to add that no one's modesty is outraged by such a thing. The people are far from being tainted with exhibitionism. As a matter of fact, they could teach us much in regard to our much-abused virtue of modesty. Their modesty is based on a well-instructed purity; American modesty is too often confused with prurience. American soldiers have found to their dismay that the Filipino expression "no touch" means just exactly what it states. There are bad girls here, of course, as there are in every other country in the world, but the distinction between the bad

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and the good is clearly drawn. So strictly is the "no touch" rule enforced that if a young man is seen to touch a Filipino girl in any kind of a carressing way, they are immediately presumed to be engaged. Then either marriage follows, or else the girl is regarded as spoiled, and no self-respecting young man will have her on any terms.

We have known several cases in which would-be Casanovas from among the American military have almost had to take to the hills because in an incautious moment they embraced or kissed Filipino girls. No sooner had they been guilty of this indiscretion, when they were approached by the relatives of the girl and questioned as to when they wished the wedding to take place. When the soldiers protested their unwillingness to be led to the altar, the conversation promptly turned upon bolo knives, and their effectiveness, particularly upon recalcitrant prospective bridegrooms. One soldier of our acquaintance did not set foot outside the camp area for three weeks after such threats had been leveled at him, and no one who has seen a bolo knife in action could blame him.

The family devotion manifested by the Filipinos is something beautiful to see. When the son marries, more often than not he and his wife will move in with the bridegroom's family. If there is no room in the house itself, an extension will be built behind, or a new house erected immediately adjoining the old. This is not such a difficult thing as may appear at first glance. Since the houses in the country districts are constructed out of bamboo, it is only a matter of a few days work to put up a new edifice. In-law troubles seem to be

very uncommon; in fact, it would be hard to find a less argumentative people. One never hears the children arguing and seldom hears them cry as they play. Their play is a rather solemn affair, accomplished with a minimum of paraphernalia such as toys. A friend sent me a large rag doll, which I gave to the little daughter of a Filipino friend, who later assured me that the doll attracted visitors from far and wide, and was regarded with a species of awe and wonder as being the only thing of its kind in the town in which the family lived.

Coming back to the Filipino houses for a moment, the visitor to one of them is likely to be struck by their simplicity. Constructed of bamboo, they are raised on poles to a height of six or seven feet. On the plot of ground beneath the house may generally be seen or heard a pig, some chickens, and perhaps a few goats. The house itself generally will consist of three rooms—bedroom, parlor, and kitchen, with only partitions separating them. The whole house will be possibly 20 feet square, and in this place as many as 10 or 12 people, old and young, will live. How they dispose themselves at night is a mystery, but there are, at least, no beds to take up valuable space.

The inevitable piece of furniture in these homes is a sewing machine. There may be only a rickety table, and boxes in place of chairs, but a sewing machine is seldom absent. And it may be added that the Filipinos know how to use the sewing machine. Their sewing as well as their hand embroidery is wonderfully designed and beautifully accomplished. In the town of Taal in Batangas province we saw some work of this kind

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wrought in a species of delicate native cloth called *pina* which, if it could be brought to our American markets, would undoubtedly fetch a fabulous price from those who fancy such things.

Passing by one of the barrio houses on a sunny afternoon, you would probably look upon a scene something like this: the mother and daughter, dressed in the peculiar sack-like dresses which are their informal attire, would be visible through the low, wide window (there are never any shades, nor is there glass in their windows), and either of them will be carefully combing the hair of the other, a process not undertaken primarily from motives of beauty, but for other more practical reasons. In front of the house on the edge of the road will be a large almost flat basket or perhaps a square of canvas containing a quantity of unhusked rice, which has been put out in the sun to dry. There may be a woman treading through it in her bare feet, turning it over so that it will dry thoroughly. In her mouth she will probably be holding a cigarette, and the chances are she will be smoking it in the peculiar fashion of holding the lighted end in some way inside her mouth. This manner of smoking is very common among the older women. By the side of the house several little tots will be playing their solemn little games, while the pigs and chickens root and scratch in the shade of a few *papaya* trees, and an old man, with three or four long hairs straggling from his chin by way of beard, sits on his haunches near the house and looks out impassively and inscrutably upon his little world.

Courtship between a young woman and her admirer has many interesting

features here which are absent from our less romantic way of life. These features again show a definite Spanish influence. Serenading, for instance, is still a recognized part of courtship among these people. The maiden must expect to be awakened at any hour of the night by the soft strains of a guitar and the not so soft strains of seven or eight young men chanting love-songs beneath her window. The young man in this stage of the pursuit never appears alone; he always is accompanied by some of his friends, and while he must sing at least one song by himself (a song which he has himself composed), the main burden of the musical program, which may last for some time, is borne by his companions. The family of the girl may never throw cold water on such a performance, either literally or figuratively; that would be an unforgivable sin against hospitality. Nor may the girl, no matter how much she may loathe her suitor, refuse to put in an appearance at the window. To act in such a way would be to disgrace the family in the eyes of their neighbors.

When the young man comes to call upon his lady love, it must always be in the presence of her family, and in the early stages of the courtship, any conversation that he makes during the course of his call will be addressed to the mother of the girl, and not to the girl herself. The only other means of communication, since it is absolutely forbidden for the couple to meet alone, is through the medium of notes. Pablo's house may be adjoining the house of Cely, so that they could easily speak to each other by going to the window, but that is something which is simply not done. Instead they engage in an ex-

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change of notes, an exchange which grows more furious as the courtship waxes warmer. First Pablo writes a note to Cely, which is carried by messenger from one house to the other, a distance of ten feet. Cely reads the note, blushes becomingly, and then, after a suitable interval, writes an answering note, which she likewise entrusts to a messenger. The old people in both houses watch the progress of the affair with great complacency, and there is nothing that escapes them, not even the contents of the notes. The announcement of the engagement of Pablo and Cely in such circumstances comes as a surprise to no one. It is merely the final act in a drama which the parents of the young people have produced, directed, and assisted as stage-hands.

On a Sunday morning the country roads are thronged with men, women and children of all ages and conditions trudging toward town from the *barrios*. They are going either to Church or to the market or perhaps to both, for Mass and Market are the two essential activities of a Sunday morning. Some of the men as they walk along balance across their shoulder a pole from both ends of which are suspended baskets of fruit or other marketable merchandise. The women balance on their heads heavily loaded baskets, and they can walk rapidly and gracefully without ever putting up a hand to balance the load. The children walk along beside, some with little bundles of their own, but all flashing a warm smile at passersby, a smile in which one can often catch equal parts of white and gold, since gold teeth are looked upon with great favor.

The marketplace is a riot of color and variegated activity, with little

groups scattered irregularly around, fingering, discussing, haggling over the things to be sold. In two things the Filipino shows more than average animation: when he buys or sells, and when he gambles; he loves to engage in both activities, and that accounts for his enthusiasm.

The huge Catholic church will have three or four Masses on a Sunday morning, and will be well filled for each of them, but many of the men will not be present. Everybody in this district is a Catholic, but many are totally uninstructed in the faith. There simply are not enough priests to go around, and have not been since the Spanish clergy left the Islands practically in a body at the time of the American conquest. There are well-trained Filipino priests, of course, but their number is inadequate. The parish priest of the town of Bauan, for instance, has not only that place, with a population of about 10,000 to take care of, but about 30 *barrios* besides, containing about 15,000 more souls. Religion means much to these people; they love religious ceremony and display, but it is a sad commentary on their lack of instruction to see them travel for miles to attend a *fiesta* procession in honor of some minor saint, while they think nothing of missing Mass from one end of the year to the other. It is to be hoped that despite the setback of the war the Church will be able to resume and increase her work for a people so wonderfully adapted by nature for the reception of religious truth.

The final test of happiness is to be found in how a person is adjusted to life, and if this criterion be used as a basis of comparison, there is no doubt but that Americans are a less



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fortunate people than these dusky children of the Orient. It is common knowledge that in the United States the rate of nervous diseases approaches a new high every year. Psychoanalysts and specialists in nervous ailments can scarcely handle the numbers that throng to their clinics. There are cases of insanity here, of course, but there are very few who are victims of hysteria or those obscure ailments of the nervous system which are so common in our high-powered way of life.

The Filipinos are in many ways a simple folk, but in their attitude toward the fundamental things of life and the fundamental fact of death, they are much closer to true center than we with all our supposed realism and practical philosophy. I saw a funeral procession pass by the other day on the way to the Church. The coffin, suspended from a bamboo pole, was being carried by two men. Behind them walked the mourners. They were dressed in black, and they con-

ducted themselves, I thought, with just the right degree of gravity and cheerfulness. There were no hysterical outcries. They would follow the body of the dead man to the cemetery, consign it to the grave, and then return calmly to their peaceful routine of life, sorrowful, but not despairing, because for them it is a simple fact that death is not a final separation.

Many Americans do not accept that fact at all, and for others (even some Catholics) it is a truth which they would like to believe, but which has no influence upon their mental habits other than the arousing of a vague fear. For such as these, the death of a loved one is not merely a tragedy, it is a catastrophe, and the shadow of that catastrophe blights their lives. If we could learn this one truth from the Filipino people in exchange for the mechanical benefits of civilization which we are sharing with them to an ever greater extent, we would be having by far the best of the bargain.

### ***Sympathy vs. Horror***

There is a question as to how much horror pictures frighten children. There are some children who do not frighten easily, and that is certain. Take the example of the little boy who was given a picture of the martyrdom of a Christian in the early days of the church. A lion was savagely tearing apart the Christian in the center of the arena, while another lion was off in the corner apparently unaware of what was going on just a few yards away. The child studied the picture for some minutes, then handed it back to the one who gave it to him. When asked what he thought about while looking at the picture he said, "I was thinking about the poor lion in the corner who didn't have any Christian like his brother in the middle."

### ***Point for Preachers***

Aunt Becky was punctuating the Negro preacher's sermon with "Amen!" "Amen!" "Praise de Lawd!" as he lit into every sort of sin from murder to shooting craps. Then the parson moved on against snuff-dipping, and Aunt Becky exclaimed to her neighbor indignantly:

"Dar now! He's done stopped preachin' and gone to meddlin'!"



## The End of a Persecutor

*R. J. Miller*

Plutarch Elias Calles died in Mexico City October 24, 1945.

In 1926 he had been "the strong man of Mexico," and had launched a bitter persecution against the Catholic Church. Priests and laymen, men and women, old and young were put to death; churches were closed; Bishops were exiled in an effort to stamp the faith from the hearts of the Mexican people. Prominent among the martyrs were the Jesuit Father Pro and the layman Anacleto Gonzales Flores. At the funeral of the latter in Guadalajara, thousands of Catholics marched in procession, and as they marched the murmur could be heard repeated over and over: "That Thou wouldst deign to humble the enemies of Holy Church, we beseech Thee to hear us!"

Calles ruled as "the strong man"; but the hour of his weakness and his humbling was to come. He in turn was exiled from Mexico by his own fellow enemies of the Catholic Church. And when at length he was allowed to return, it was only to see the triumph of the Church, and to die despised and abandoned by the leaders of the "revolution" in Mexico.

At the time of the death of Calles, according to Richard Pattee, international authority on the condition of the Church in Latin America, the one country in all Latin America in which the Church was showing the most vigorous life and vitality was none other than Mexico. In fact, just eight days before Calles's death, Mexico City had witnessed the most magnificent public demonstration in all its four centuries of history, on the occasion of the golden jubilee celebration of the crowning of Our Lady of Guadalupe. During the festivities, the Papal Legate, Cardinal Villeneuve of Quebec, had occupied as his palace the house which had belonged to the last of Calles's faithful followers. Archbishop Martinez of Mexico City, moreover, had taken over as his permanent residence a house in which the leaders of the persecution had frequently met in 1926-28.

At the bedside of the dying man were gathered only a few relatives. Two of his small sons were far away beyond Mexico; and his daughter Artemisia in San Antonio encountered strange passport difficulties at the last moment which prevented her from attending even the funeral of her father.

Twenty years before, one of the Catholics exiled by Calles and living in the same town of San Antonio, had been refused permission by "the strong man" to return to the bedside of his dying mother.

It is authentically reported that shortly before the end he had many conversations with a priest, who brought him close to the point of making his confession. But as the end actually approached, his anti-clerical friends contrived to stay at his bedside, so that he never had a chance to see the priest alone again.

May God have mercy on his soul!

## Talk About the Devil

Some foolish talk, some wrong talk, and then some wise talk, to end doubts and worries.

C. D. McEnniry

THAT Monday morning Father Casey knew Saunders' had the threshers. Hence his heart missed a beat when he saw Bill Barnstable in the top-buggy driving like mad from that direction. When twenty or thirty men, with their restive horses and unprotected machinery, got together to thresh out the grain, a fatal accident was always possible. That is why he was more assured than alarmed on hearing Barnstable's tragic announcement.

"Oliver Denny's possessed by the devil!!! Priest wanted right away!!!"

Above the rattling of the buggy Barnstable shouted the details as they speeded back to the farmhouse. "Oliver," he said, "was feedin' the sheaves of wheat into the separator when the devil got hold of him. Guess the Old Boy wanted to finish him 'cause if he had o' fell forward, that cylinder with the big steel teeth, makin' thousands of revolutions a minute, would have chopped him into mince meat quicker'n a terrier'd grab a rat."

On arriving at the Saunders farm, where the machine stood in the center of four stacks of grain that were to be threshed out, Father Casey found the victim in a pitiable condition. His face was black and distorted, his limbs convulsed, he was grinding his teeth, frothing at the mouth, uttering hoarse, vicious cries, and violently beating his head against the ground. He truly looked like the devil's prey. The women, who had come to help

cook for the threshers, were gathered around him together with the men.

"Run, Ruth, for the holy water, so the priest can read the exorcism over him," urged Mrs. Greenbriar. In fact it was this same Mrs. Greenbriar who had started all this talk about the devil. The others, though they had never seen a severe case of epilepsy like this, were inclined by their sound common sense to attribute the attack to "fits," until this good woman raised such an outcry about diabolical intervention.

"Let us go slowly with exorcisms," said Father Casey. "Exorcism is a solemn form of prayer instituted by the Church to drive the devil out of one possessed. Even if Oliver were possessed, I could not read the exorcism over him without the approval of the bishop. This looks to me like a case of epilepsy, not of diabolical possession. I will read the prayers for the sick over him and not the exorcism." Then opening his ritual he recited those beautiful petitions and sprinkled him with holy water.

"Now," he instructed, "do not touch him or try to hold him. He will do himself no harm. The attack should be well-nigh spent by this time. He will soon be all right again."

In fact the poor fellow opened his eyes, heaved a deep sigh, fumbled for his handkerchief, wiped his face and mouth and looked about him in a calm but bewildered manner. The priest told Barnstable to help him up and drive him home.

"You had better take a rest today, Oliver," he said, "and tomorrow you will be ready for work again. Here, wear this blessed medal of Our Mother of Perpetual Help. Live as a good Christian, come regularly to Confession and Communion, and do not worry over what has happened."

The sudden and violent stopping of the machine had bent a shaft. While it was being repaired the group remained around Father Casey in the shade of a wheat stack.

"I see you young priests are gettin' away from them old idees about there bein' a horned devil a-roamin' around and takin' possession o' folks," said Sylvester Brerton. "When a guy goes wrong you tell him to charge it up to his own natural inborn cussedness and not try to put the blame on the devil."

"What is that you say?" demanded Father Casey. "That we young priests do not believe there is a devil—a real personal devil? Mr. Brerton, anybody that has read the Bible, anybody that knows the facts of history, must believe that there is a devil, and that this devil, besides tempting everybody to sin, also takes physical possession of certain persons. If you yield to his temptations and commit sin, it is your fault. He cannot force you to commit sin against your will. But if he takes possession of you, that is no sin, and it may be without any fault on your part at all. Nevertheless every time somebody has a fit or meets with an accident, we do not blame the devil for it. We wait for proofs. And so too does the Catholic Church. See this book. It is called the Roman Ritual. It contains the solemn form of prayer for driving the devil out of a possessed person. But listen to what the Church herself lays down

regarding the use of this prayer: 'The priest must not be quick to judge that this or that person is possessed by the devil. He must rather look for the signs which distinguish diabolical possession from physical or mental infirmity.'

"Nor is that all," Father Casey continued, "lest the priest himself might be mistaken in these signs, the Church forbids him to perform the solemn rite of exorcism without authorization from the bishop. This authorization the bishop will not give until he has convinced himself that it is a clear case of diabolical possession. It would be exposing sacred things to ridicule were we to use this solemn exorcism to drive the devil out when the devil was not in."

"The priest has to fast and pray and do a lot of penances before he can perform the exorcism of the devil, doesn't he?" Ruth Saunders asked.

"The priest knows that he is about to engage in formal combat with the malignant enemy of God and man, and, like a prudent strategist, he realizes that no preparedness is too great in order to insure victory," Father Casey replied.

"When he reads the exorcism over a person, does the devil have to go out?"

"Not always. God sometimes allows the devil to entrench himself so thoroughly in a human body that he can be dislodged only by repeated exorcisms, backed up by insistent prayer and genuine penance offered by many persons. Remember the fact related in the Gospel. The devil had taken possession of a boy, and even the apostles could not drive him out. They asked our Lord why they had not been able to succeed. He answered: That kind of devil can be

driven out only by prayer and fasting."

"What's it like when the devil takes possession of somebody? Is it like Oliver Denny made here?"

"It is like," said the priest, "when a well-equipped enemy takes possession of a fortress. Our Lord Himself says that is what it is like. In the case of the fortress, there are attacks from the outside, then, if these succeed, there is occupation within. The same here: sometimes the devil carries on physical attacks from the outside. We have well-proven examples in the lives of the saints. He used to harass St. Martin under the form of pagan gods and goddesses. He tried to frighten and tempt St. Anthony, the Hermit, under the appearance of savage or obscene beasts. He took Simon Magus bodily and carried him through the air. This attacking from the outside is not yet diabolical possession; it is more correctly called diabolical vexation."

"And when it does come to the stage of real possession, what happens then?"

"Then the devil is actually lodged within the body and its faculties. He speaks with the tongue, grimaces with the face, gesticulates with the hands, walks with the feet. He may allow the possessed person to comport himself normally the greater part of the time, then at certain intervals, he will take over control, cause the person to discuss events of which he could have no natural knowledge, speak fluently languages he has never learned, tell of things that are happening thousands of miles away. Or again he may make the possessed person howl, rage, blaspheme, tear himself, attack others, and carry on in a manner that strikes terror into every beholder.

"There was," he continued, "a possessed woman in my home parish. She had been exorcized by several holy priests and monks, but they did not succeed in driving out the beast. She remained faithful to prayer and the frequentation of the sacraments. Often it was in the church that the devil caused the greatest disturbance. It exasperated him to see her remain loyal to her Christian duties. He would throw her on the floor before the altar and cause her to growl and shriek. She was a well educated, cultured woman. Ordinarily she spoke gently and respectfully, then suddenly the devil would begin speaking by her mouth, and it sounded like the voice of a coarse, enraged man."

"But, Father Casey, I thought it was only if a person had sold himself to the devil or was a terrible sinner, that the devil could bother him."

"That is a sign you were wool-gathering during the lessons in Church History and Bible History. Job was a holy man. Yet you remember how the devil hounded him until he was reduced to the condition of a scab-covered beggar sitting on a manure pile. Why, the devil molested even Christ, the very God of holiness — carried Him to the pinnacle of the temple, then to the top of a high mountain to tempt him. How many saints were persecuted by the devil! A recent, well-authenticated example is that of the Curé of Ars.

"We know the Curé's long, long hours of hard, nerve-racking work in the confessional. And often the devil would come and raise such a riot in his room that he could not sleep even during the few short hours he had allowed himself for rest. He admitted to Monsignor Mermod that in the

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beginning these attacks used to frighten him, but he soon noticed that the devil always raised the biggest row the night before some hardened sinners came for confession. Or as he put it: 'Now I am quite happy when the devil torments me. It is a good sign. There is always a big haul of fish the following day.' Once he said: 'The devil gave me a good shaking last night; we shall have plenty of penitents today. He is very stupid; by acting thus, he himself tells me of the arrival of big sinners . . . he is very angry . . . so much the better.'—And so you see the devil torments, not only those who have sold themselves to him, but also holy persons, just because they are holy, and by their holiness snatch many souls from his grasp."

"Father Casey, I read in a book that the priest who was performing the exorcism forced the devil to talk, to answer his questions. Can the priest really do that?"

"Yes, when the priest commands him, in the name of God, to answer a question, he is obliged by the power of that sacred name to do so."

"By gosh, Father Casey, I got an idee," cried Sylvester Brerton, giving a resounding slap to his sweaty jeans. "You said the devil knows more than all our smartest professors, didn't you?"

"The devil," the priest replied, "is an angel—a fallen angel, it is true, but nevertheless an angel. He has the intelligence of an angel. And an angel knows all the greatest scientists ever did or ever will discover, and a thousand times more. He knows all natural forces, their operations, and the effects they will produce."

"Then he knows the kind of weather we are goin' to have and all

that sort of thing, doesn't he?"

"Certainly. He knows everything that will proceed from natural causes, unless the free will of God or man intervenes," assented the priest.

"That's my idee. Force the Old Boy to be useful. Make him tell me what crop I ought to plant on my back forty next year. Make him inform me whether there is coal or oil on my land, and how far down. Make him —"

"Mr. Brerton, you are forgetting the monster of wickedness and malice we are treating of, a rebel spirit, one irrevocably cursed and rejected by God, the hardened and inveterate enemy of all that is holy, clean, decent or good. To show the slightest consideration for him, to seek any benefit of him, to ask any such information of him, is high treason against God. That is why all superstition is so sinful—it is explicit or implicit hobnobbing with the devil. It is really to the devil you are appealing for good luck or for information when you make use of charms, signs, spells and the like."

"But, Father Casey, you said the priest really makes the devil talk when he's doing a—a what-do-you-call-it."

"Yes, but not in order to learn anything from him. That would never be allowed. The priest may ask him questions which expose his own wiles, the trickery and deceit he used to get possession of the person, the ignominious manner in which he will be forced to leave."

"It must be a terrible thing to be possessed by the devil." And Ruth shuddered at the very thought. "You say even the exorcism does not always drive him out. Isn't there any sure cure?"

"The sure cure is to keep the con-

science clean by fighting against sin and making frequent sincere Confessions, to trust in God, to pray, to do penance, to receive the exorcisms of the Church, and to put one's self under the direction of a prudent priest."

"And then will the devil be surely chased out?"

"Yes, unless God, in His infinite wisdom, wills to let him remain. But in that case, the afflicted person will have the grace to bear this heavy cross with resignation to God's will, and to despise the devil, who can torment us, but who cannot damn us."

"But if a person died possessed of the devil, the devil would drag him down to hell, wouldn't he?"

"I have just said that even though the devil gets permission to take possession of us, he cannot damn us, he cannot drag us down to hell. Therefore do not worry about possession. It is so rare that there is not one chance in ten thousand that it will ever happen to you. And even if it did, it could not do you any real harm, that is, it could not prevent you from attaining to eternal happiness in heaven.

"What you should really fear," he went on, warming to his subject, "is the *ordinary* activity of the devil, for on no day of your life and least of all at the hour of your death may you hope to escape that. The ordinary activity of the devil consists in this, that he is continually — together with your own evil inclinations and the bad influences around you — he is continually striving to induce you to commit sin, to live in sin, to die in sin, and thus become his possession forever. Be wise and protect yourself by using the three powerful means of resistance God puts at your disposal. They are: flight from the occasion of sin — persevering prayer — frequent Communion."

Three sharp blasts from the threshing engine announced that the repairs had been completed and called all hands back to work — a good half-hour sooner than they had anticipated.

"Wa-al, I swar," and Sylvester Brerton took a big bite from his plug tobacco and pulled down his hickory hat before facing the suffocating dust of the straw pile. "I swar, if that don't beat the devil!"

### *Bridegroom and Bride*

In all things is the Catholic Church like her Master. She, too, was betrayed and crucified; "dying daily," like her great Lord; denied, mocked, and despised; a child of sorrows and acquainted with grief; misrepresented, misconstrued, agonizing; stripped of her garments, yet, like the King's daughter that she is, "all glorious within"; dead even, it seemed at times, yet, like her natural Prototype, still united to the Godhead; laid in the sepulchre, fenced in by secular powers, yet ever rising again on Easter Days, spiritual and transcendent; passing through doors that men thought closed for ever, spreading her mystical banquets in upper rooms and by sea shores; and, above all, ascending for ever beyond the skies and dwelling in heavenly places with Him who is her Bridegroom and her God. — *Monsignor Hugh Benson*





## Thoughts for the Shut-in

L. F. Hyland

### On Making a Will

It is amazing how many sick people one can meet who, on being asked in a confidential moment, whether they have made a will, must answer in the negative. It is more amazing still that sickness, whether serious or seemingly light, sometimes even hardens people against making a will. Perhaps there is a kind of superstition connected with it. Just as some people erroneously fear that receiving the sacrament of Extreme Unction means that they will surely die, so others have a foolish notion that making a will is like giving a signal for death to enter and take over. This is a very foolish attitude toward a very important matter; indeed, it is hard to think of any motive for neglecting this serious business that is not foolish and possibly even wrong.

No matter how small the extent of one's ownership of material things may be, a will should be made, preferably while one is still in good health and with full powers of deliberation, but failing that, surely when one is stricken with illness if the illness leaves the mind clear. There are four cogent reasons for this.

In the first place, making a will is the exercise of a right and privilege that gives great satisfaction and peace, and that is recognized as inviolable in courts of law. Just as it is every man's right, according to the natural law, to make use of the material things he possesses in life according to his own will and discretion, and just as there is great satisfaction in that, so it is his right to dispose of what will remain in his name after death. He can do that only by making a will. Instead of feeling a great distaste for the task of making a will, a normal human being should be instinctively urged to make a will. If he lives a considerable time after drawing up a will, he retains the right and power to change it at any time according to circumstances.

Secondly, it is by making a will that an individual best fulfills his own duties of justice and charity. Each person is bound to judge, perhaps after taking counsel, what his own duties to others are. Sometimes those duties can be fulfilled only through the making of a will. Moreover deeds of charity can be performed through the legacies of a will that will redound to the person's security and happiness in eternity. Especially people who find that they have not been too generous to charity and religion in life, should try to make up for that in their wills, lest they find that selfishness will be held gravely against them.

Thirdly, making a will prevents much strife and sorrow among the relatives of a person who has passed away, and much useless expense, litigation and even quarreling. More families have been divided over the disputes about the property of a relative who died intestate than over almost any other cause.

Fourthly, making a will gives a person an opportunity to think about whether it would not be wise and prudent to get rid of some of his material possessions before he dies. It is good to leave things to charity and religion after death; it is far better, when one can, without great danger to security, to give things away before death. Alas, not many people who have great possessions realize this; making a will at least promotes the possibility of its realization.



# Girls Who Aspire

The story, told by themselves, of how girls are inspired to don the vesture of Sisters, and to give up their lives to the love of God and of their neighbor.

D. J. Corrigan

ACCORDING to the Catholic Directory for 1945 there are at least 138,079 professed Sisters in the United States. Think of that: 138,079 Catholic women who from girlhood have had faith and courage enough to forsake the alluring pleasures of the world and the flesh in order to bind themselves permanently to the slavery of three vows! That alone would be sufficient proof that Catholicism in America is not dead, but that it is carrying on the glorious tradition of monastic asceticism that is almost a mark in itself of the true, living Church of Christ on earth. Each of those 138,079 vocations has a story all its own—a story of sacrifice of self, which in imitation of Christ's infinite immolation on the cross is just about the grandest offering a human being can make.

Only God Himself knows exactly how must good these Sisters accomplish in their hidden, quiet way. There are souls won in the class room, the orphanage, the old folks' shelter, the hospital ward, the byways of both rural and urban America, even in prisons and poor houses, by these valiant women of God. There are souls saved, too, even here in the busy, extroverted United States, by girls who have hidden themselves forever behind the veil and the grate to plead with God in contemplation and penance for an indifferent world. Still, there are not enough Sisters, and the proof of that lies in the fact that so little of America is converted, also that half our Cath-

olic boys and girls must attend dangerous public schools, largely because there are not enough religious teachers to staff the needed Catholic schools.

I sometimes wonder what would happen to our social economy if Catholic Sisters would suddenly go on a sit-down strike. I can imagine frantic school board officials and public health officers tearing out their hair trying to provide for the many thousands that would be thrust into the care of public schools and institutions. It can't happen here, or anywhere for that matter, but if it did, it might arouse some of our narrow fellow citizens to the glaring injustice of our entire tax disbursing system. In view of all the social good accomplished by Catholic nuns the country over, one would suppose, especially in this *enlightened* age, that the world would know the truth about convents and no longer lend a willing ear to the many moth-eaten, evil canards about Sisters. But even today one sometimes gets a shock, as when last year a priest called me:

"Will you go through the Good Shepherd Convent with me?"

"I've been there."

"This is a special trip. I have a young lady here who tells me that convents have torture chambers, etc."

I saw more of the Good Shepherd Convent that day than I had ever seen before, as the young lady in question poked her nose into every nook and cranny. It took her a long

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time to get over the horrible stories that she had heard about nuns.

Or I might tell the story of the farmer this year in South Carolina. He had been supplying milk and eggs to Catholic hospital Sisters for a year and a half and thought that the "ladies" were wonderful persons. Needing a wife, he one day proposed to the entire community, being willing, as he said, to take any one of them.

If anyone thinks that convent life is a paradise on earth, without trouble or affliction, he is sadly mistaken. It is true that a nun's smiling face is proverbial and that religious miss many of the cares of the world and are safeguarded from most of its dangers — yet no one knows better than the Sister herself that she has accepted the invitation of a thorn-crowned Spouse who has promised her everything worthwhile in life — but mainly *through the cross*. "He that would come after Me, let him take up his cross and follow Me." There are trials which God's loving providence permits to come into the career of every religious, but these are the fire by which cloistered souls are tried and sanctity is born. Yet withal a fervent Sister is very happy, even though at times she may groan a bit under life's burden; she knows that at God's behest she is tackling just about the biggest job a girl can undertake and she remembers that our Lord also shed a few tears. As one little novice wrote:

"The one thing that led me on to the Religious Life was the apparent contentment, happiness and joy of my teachers."

A visit to any one of the many novitiates of Sisters in the United States would quickly convince a person that candidates for the religious

life are normal, wholesome American girls. It is not required that they be saints before they enter, but they should come with the will to try to become saints. Sometimes parents who are willing without a qualm to see their daughters married, are very reluctant when one of their girls proposes to enter religion. This is a mistake on the part of such parents, for marriage today is a pretty risky venture, while there is little chance of a mistake in a girl's religious vocation.

It should be noted that when a girl enters a convent, she does so that she may try out the religious life and that the religious congregation may try her. Her first stage in training is a six month postulancy, during which she is gradually introduced to the daily routine of convent life. Then for two years she makes her novitiate, or trial period of religion, and at the end of this time, if both she and her superiors are fully satisfied, she is permitted to take her first or temporary vows. These temporary vows may hold for three or six years, and only after that period, if she is convinced of her vocation, is she allowed to pronounce her final or perpetual vows.

With the permission of a Novice Mistress we published a typical week day order of the novice:

A.M.	
Rising:	5:00
Meditation:	5:30
Holy Mass:	6:00
Breakfast:	7:00
Domestic Chores:	7:45
Ethics or Conference:	8:30
Religious Instruction:	9:30
Domestic Chores:	10:30
Examen:	11:30
Dinner:	12:00
P.M.	
Recreation:	1:00
Choir practice or	

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Chapter:	1:30
Prayer of Rule or Lecture:	2:00
Music, Art or History of Congregation:	2:30
Collation (lunch):	3:00
Study or Free time:	3:30
Chapel:	5:00
Supper, Domestic chores:	5:40
Recreation:	7:00
Study:	7:30
Night prayers:	9:00

At this point the writer turns over this article to some of our Catholic girls who have not refused to follow the path of the Teresas and Catherines of the past. They best can tell us why they want to be Sisters and how they came to enter the convent, because they are actual novices of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Carondelet, St. Louis, Missouri. This Congregation was chosen because its activities include, among others, both teaching and nursing.

"Why did I come to the convent? That is a question that I have been asked many times, and it is still difficult for me to give one or two definite answers. In the first place, it seemed that something, or should I say 'Some One,' was pushing me. I had a good time in the world with my work and entertainment, but each day these things seemed to grow less interesting. I wanted something greater, something higher, and I thought that the Religious Life would be where I could find it. Yes, God is in the world, but you are so busy with other things that He seems so hard to keep in touch with. Then, too, the Sisters were good friends of mine; I admired them very much and felt that I would like to be like them. So by the grace of God I entered the convent. I came primarily to help draw others to God. I felt that I would like teaching and that by being a Sister I could best win souls for heaven. Since I am here, I have learned that I can do this only by working at my own sanctification first; I didn't realize this before."

"The convent was my least interest in life until about a year before I entered.

I looked upon Religious Life as lightly as one does upon death: it always happens to some one else. Only one Sister had ever asked whether I thought I had a vocation. I became very angry and disturbed for about a day and a half, and then refused to think of such a morbid idea any longer. I resented the Sister's attitude and learned the lesson never to force an issue. The vocation that appealed to me most at that time was the married state and all circumstances seemed to point to that. I was receiving a good Catholic education, with three different Sisterhoods guiding me during my fourteen years of grade school, high school and college. However, education could not be my end and human love didn't seem to satisfy. There was a longing that eventually found its way to God. I realized this after much restlessness, which caused me to seek advice from one who told me to pray that God's will be known."

A few girls, when asked the above questions, answered: I've always had the desire of becoming a nun.

"Personally, I think that I grew up with the idea of becoming a nun, for as long as I can remember the thought of one day entering religion kept coming to mind, regardless of how much I would try not to notice it. It was not until I was in the 8th grade that I expressed the idea vocally. From this time I read books about religious, missions, etc. Once in a while I would even 'catch myself' saying a prayer that 'I may become a nun.'"

"We had been taught great respect for priests and religious in our home, and we were constantly reminded of their tireless sacrifices for God and men. As I grew older I wondered more and more whether I too couldn't do something for God. During my 4th year high I recoiled from the thought of religious life, because I believed that it was too high for me to attain. Through a priest's guidance I joined the Legion of Mary, but still this didn't satisfy me. I wanted to work for and be God's alone—and have heaven assured (at least a little more assured) and so after further guidance I entered religion."

But there were others whose vocation seemed to come much later in

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life. A belated call to the religious life does not present quite as much difficulty as it does in the case of the priesthood, for it does not require as many years of preparation.

"During my grade school years the nuns were my ideals and at twelve I was sure that I wanted to be one. That was eighteen years ago. At the end of high school, being excessively timid and not quite sure of my mind, I requested admittance, but 'backed out' after a week. Two years in college didn't help any and being unable to make up my mind as to an avocation, I quit and went to work as a legal stenographer. I was interested in Sodality work and taught catechism for ten years.

"For a few years I worried about my vocation, but as I took to spending three or four evenings a week in pleasurable pursuits, the idea of the convent became more and more distant. I finally gave up the idea, hoping that I would fall in love and thereby settle the problem—but something always held me back. Two years ago a good friend after her mother's sudden death entered the novitiate of another Order. I began to think again: weighing the shortness of life, the dissatisfaction resulting from worldly pleasures, the disgust I felt at the vulgarity which so many take for granted. I made up my mind about my vocation and resolved to stick to it. I have spent eight months in the convent. At my age it is more difficult to make adjustments. Sometimes my old, rather easy-going life calls to me but the world has less and less attraction to me every day. Between storms that I go through—rebellion against restrictions, blind obedience, etc.—I experience a great peace. There are no exciting occasions in the convent, but neither do we have those awful 'blue Mondays.'"

An important consideration in deciding one's vocation is one's aptitude for certain kinds of work. But the girl who has the necessary qualities for admittance to novitiate—good health, sufficient moral promise and talent—will have no difficulty in be-

coming a valued servant in God's house, whether she do teaching, nursing or domestic work.

"I often thought of becoming a nun when I was in high school. Afterwards I thought that it was just one of those ideas and I tried to push it away. When I started working and making new friends, it was all right if I didn't stop to think. When I thought about the convent, I figured that I should have something more to give, for my education and talents were poor.—Now that I am here, I find that provided I am anxious to serve God, it makes little difference what my education was before I entered."

"After leaving high school I was undecided about my future state of life. However, I had thought much of becoming a nun. When I put in my application for nurses training, I found that I was too young. Since I had been taught for twelve years by the good Sisters of St. Joseph and had been much impressed by their charity, zeal and good example, I decided after a great deal of prayer that it was the Sisters of St. Joseph for me. Moreover, part of their work is nursing, in which I am greatly interested."

The influences that led to the girls' decisions to enter the convent are interesting and enlightening:

"I guess it was these prayers and daily Mass and Communion that finally brought me to Carondelet."

"As I went through life I studied various people and very few ever gave me the impression that they were really happy."

"I don't know how it started—probably through the prayers of a loving mother and a priestly brother."

"Then when I attended my cousin's First Mass, the year before I entered, I was still more impressed with the idea."

"The first time I ever came in contact with nuns was the day I started high school. During the first three years all I did was admire them and think how wonderful it would be to be one."

"The idea of a vocation was first suggested to me by an older brother when I was twelve years old."

"I was thirteen when I first saw a nun."

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Previous to this, however, I had an implicit desire to become one, mainly, I believe, because of my dad's admiration for them."

"It was perhaps my pastor who influenced me most. I could see that his life was so very beautiful and that he really had a motive for living."

"As I grew older, I got lost in the gaiety of the world and forgot about becoming a Sister until a Dominican nun visited our school one day and gave a talk on vocations."

"Sodality conventions and Summer School of Catholic Action. Religious life was presented in such a 20th Century way. It was discussed in an objective manner and not with emphasis that if you didn't follow a vocation, peril would befall you."

"It was through the death of a dear friend."

"I think that I was a little afraid of the world."

"It just seems as if our Lord took me by the hand and led me into this life because I know of no other means to explain my vocation. I shall never cease to be grateful for it."

Often we forget that those who are making a great sacrifice in a call to the religious state are—the parents.

"My dear mother and daddy received the announcement of my choice of the religious state with tears—but only at the first telling of the news. Their tears of grief became tears of joy when they witnessed my reception into the Congregation. The same dear Lord who had given them their only daughter had been pleased to call her to His service, but He gave them strength to make the sacrifice."

Then, too, some of the girls' stories are worth while recording:

"The vocation 'germ' hit our family rather forcibly. Three submitted to it readily, but I wavered for some time. The main reason was the Sisters had me 'spotted' and didn't hesitate to tell me so. And so I brushed aside the idea; at least, I thought I did."

"From my earliest school days I desired to be a teacher. At the age of thirteen I was converted from a Protestant sect to

the Catholic Church. My parents gave me permission and later became Catholics themselves. The Sisters of St. Joseph helped me with my instructions and I soon realized that by becoming a religious I could do what I had always wanted to do with a far higher motive."

"It seemed I always wanted to become a Sister. This desire was strengthened one evening when I witnessed unobserved the Sisters at recreation. The wonderful happiness that seemed to surround them as they danced and sang appeared to tie up with the sweet smiles they gave to us children whom they taught. But then years later public opinion in our parish seemed to be so much interested in my case. Surely Miss ..... will be a nun! She is so interested in the Sisters, the sodality and the missions! However, I didn't like this opinion one bit. I wasn't going to be a Sister because ninety nine and forty four hundred per cent of our parish thought I would be. I would show them and I did. I became intensely interested in dances, boyfriends and being popular. In fact, I convinced everyone except myself."

Perhaps the motives that inspire most girls who enter the convent are expressed by the replies given by the following two novices:

"I do not remember having thought seriously of a religious vocation until I was a senior in high school. It was then that I began to notice how little I really cared for the passing pleasures of this world. I would come home from dances or parties and think: 'What did I get out of that?' I wasn't a wall flower or kill joy and people thought that I was having just as much fun as any one else, but it was God (although I did not discern it at that time) who was letting me see the folly of it all."

"I want to be His bride, so that I may love Him with all my heart, give Him all I have—myself. I want to be like Him, think like Him; in a word, I want to be one with Him. More, I want to share this closer union with God with the little ones I hope to teach some day. I want them to know about Him too, because He is their God also. Thus by serving and loving Him here we shall all be united with Him in the next world."



## Test of Character (34)

### On Dependability

L. M. Merrill

A readily recognized mark of greatness of character is the quality of dependability. We have in mind here especially dependability in little things such as make for or disturb the comfort of others. There are some people who can be counted on to keep their word in any important matter, but who are grossly untrustworthy in the small affairs of daily life. They thus become a source of constant trial to their friends. Some of the fields in which this bad trait appears are the following:

1. *Punctuality:* There are innumerable occasions in private life when punctuality means a great deal to one's friends. When one has promised to meet a friend at a certain hour in a certain place; when one is meeting another who is arriving on a certain train; when one has promised to render a certain service by a given time—these and like occasions offer tests of one's character. The undependable often make others wait for them; they permit a multitude of things to interfere with their promptness in fulfilling their word. The dependable are punctual and conscientious about fulfilling commitments to friends.

2. *Performing little services:* There are many little deeds of service that friends undertake to perform for one another as a matter of course in daily life. People readily agree to mail letters for friends, to pick up an item needed at the drugstore, to give a message to a third party, etc. Again dependability is tested in these routine matters of charity. Some forget to mail their friends' letters and carry them around for a few days; they find themselves often apologizing for having failed to pick up the item they promised to get or to transmit the message they were entrusted with. Others count no commission too small to be fulfilled exactly and promptly. These are the dependable friends.

3. *Timely remembrances:* It is natural for dependable persons to think, ahead of time, of occasions when a word or a gift or a kind deed will be especially appreciated by others. It is said of them that they can be counted on not to forget birthdays, anniversaries, etc., and that they are never too busy for a timely visit to others in times of stress and trial. Undependable persons are usually too occupied with selfish interests to think of such opportunities.

The reputation for dependability is one of the most enviable that a person can possess. It includes all the traits of unselfishness, punctuality, thoughtfulness, loyalty and charity. It is well worth striving for even in little things.



# On Books

Scorching satire on the use to which the "age of enlightenment" often puts the instruments of learning.

E. F. Miller

ONE of the first words the child learns on coming to the use of reason is the word *book*. The reason is obvious: the word *book* is easy to pronounce, it is easy to spell, and the object itself is not hard to see for anyone who has at least 40-20 eyesight. Besides, in a literate country like the United States, everybody owns at least one book, such as the *Riders of the Purple Sage*, or *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*.

What is a book? It is an object, varying in height from a foot to half a foot, in width from half a foot to four or three inches, and in thickness from three inches to two, and sometimes even to one inch. It is made up of an exterior of stiff cardboard (sometimes leather) which is commonly known as the cover, and of an interior of individual sheets that are called pages. These pages are fastened securely, not at the top or the bottom of the cover, but rather at the rear edge, so that the book can be opened and admired without fear of the pages flying loose upon the floor. Generally something is printed on the pages, although it is a well-known fact that thousands and thousands of books have been made without anything at all being printed on the pages. Such books are being made every day. Another word for *book* is *volume*; but children and adults do not find this word as easy to say as the other. Thus, it is not used widely.

Books have many functions.

There is no decoration more fitting and appropriate for a room than a

large number of books. This is especially true if the books are uniform in size, in the color of their covers and in the beauty of the titles and authors' names on the outside of the covers. It might be noted here that all books have authors, although a satisfactory explanation for this phenomenon has never been given. Some have argued that they would be willing to concede that all books have names on the outside of the covers; but they would not go so far as to admit that all books have authors. But it is merely an academic question and need not be pursued in a discussion of the primary purpose or function of books in general.

In order to grasp the decorative possibilities of books, imagine for yourselves this scene: tremendous cases, rising to the very ceiling, and lining the walls so completely that there is no room even for a picture of a storm or a bird; hundreds of artistically bound volumes filling every crack and cranny of the shelves and in as good a state of preservation twenty-five years after they have been put in place as they were in the beginning; long stretches of books made up in identical green; a few rows made up in red; and still longer series made up in black.

One cannot help thinking on entering such a place, that the designer has done well in covering the walls with this kind of material instead of with paper or merely plaster. In fact sometimes it creates a better effect than frescoes or mosaic. But that is a



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matter of taste. Suffice it to say, as was intimated above, the durability of this form of adornment is as firm and unrelenting as marble or bronze; and especially is this true if curious hands are kept at a proper distance. People do not go around putting their hands on the frescoes in their churches, or on the plaster in their own humble homes. Why then should they persist in pawing and pulling at this type of wall-covering?

Generally it is only the millionaires who can afford a decorative plan like the above. When the house is built a man is called in whose duty it is to take care of all the interior decorating. Always he sets aside at least one room for the book-shelf motif. The other rooms are easy. They are finished in pastels or bright paints, one pink, another cerise, a third gold, and so on. But this last room must be done in books, real books too—the kind that have pages and print and things like that in them.

So, the man scurries down to a store of some kind, probably what is known as a publishing house, or sends one of his agents down to a publishing house, and after considerable consultation, the scheme is decided on. It is not so easy as the uninitiated might imagine at first glance. Color must be given a most careful research. It would not do at all to have all the books bound in yellow bindings, or in maroon either. There must be variety, which is the spice of life—so many of this color and so many of that, but all equally balanced so that a kind of pattern can be noted by anyone who might come into the room for a drink or a smoke. Then, too, not any shape or form can be taken as though that were a matter of little regard. Fat books are out

completely, as are very slim books. A fat book, says, by the author, St. Thomas Aquinas, or somebody, in the midst of *Great Events by Famous Historians*, in twenty-five volumes, each volume of which set is done up in a flashing purple, would be like a wart sitting squarely on the nose of Betty Grable or Joan Crawford. Or a thin book, about the size of that one which is called for some reason or another the *Imitation*, in the midst of *Universal Facts of Fiction*, in thirty-six volumes, which set is a thing of wonderful external beauty, would be as great a disfigurement as a pair of trousers on Frank Sinatra that came only half way to his knees.

It may be an excess of fastidiousness to worry about such details. But, as was pointed out by the manufacturers of Soups for Sinners, in their celebrated Ding Dong Dell radio program, it was only through careful attention to details that the program attained the high standard of perfection conceded to it by all true Americans who fought and died for their country that the flag of liberty might ever wave o'er the home of the free and the land of the brave. Details must be looked to if a room done up in books is to be as beautiful as the blue room of the mistress of the house in the east wing, or the oak room of the master of the house in the west wing, or the fairy room (fairies, elephants, etc., painted on the walls) of the child of the house in the south wing.

When the book room is finally finished, it is given a name, or rather, a name just comes to it as the years go on. Some millionaires call it the library. It is generally supposed that it is called the library because there

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are so many books in it, although not all agree on that answer. Others prefer to call it the den, especially if it can claim only a thousand or two books. This oftentimes happens if banners from colleges and athletic clubs, like rowing and canoe clubs, are hung up in such spaces on the walls as are free of books. Banners seem to add a sort of dennish atmosphere to a room. If the room is a den, drinking parties at which gins and whiskeys are consumed, may be held within its confines. If it is called a library, only after dinner coffee, or perhaps a round or two of *crème de menthes* may be taken, because, after all, the place is a library and not a den. A few decide that it will be a study; and to make certain that nobody will be mistaken in this, they place a large mahogany desk in the very middle of the floor, with a padded chair next to it and bottle of ink on top of it. If the master of the house can read, he opens and glances over his mail here. Sometimes he even takes a hurried look at the newspaper while seated at his desk, but not often, for the room is not a library, but a study.

From these few words it can be seen that books really do serve a wonderful purpose in spite of what the people of the dark ages may have thought. Not once in all those hundreds of turbulent years did monks and persons like that ever even conceive the idea that a fine color scheme could be arranged from the proper binding and placing of books. They did not seem to care what the outside of a book looked like at all; and the reason was because they were worried only about so silly a thing as how the inside of a book looked. Who is ever going to see the inside

of a book anyway when he comes in the library or the study or the den for a quick one, or for a moment's chat concerning the awful epidemic of strikes that is hitting the country? It just goes to show how the world advances from darkness into light, and how fortunate it is that such advances are made.

However, let it not be presumed that books serve an ornamental purpose only. Important as this function may be, it is not all. Narrow-minded and greedy individuals, in some places known as rugged, of whom there is always an abundance even in a Republic, are wont to take this stunted viewpoint, thereby introducing the struggle of class against class and the issue of discrimination in a matter that is strictly and by its very nature non-political. There is nothing in the whole universe that serves but one purpose, not even war. Much less, then, books.

Books accomplish the end of satisfying hobbies; and everybody knows that a man can never more surely succeed in sweeping clean his soul of the cobwebs of monotonous daily existence than by having an engrossing hobby. Grown men have been known to sit on the top of flagpoles, to collect old street car transfers, to join the Masons and the army, all in an effort to provide interest for a mind that was bogged down in a veritable swamp of daily duties that were consuming their energies and quenching the fires of their enthusiasm. There is no better hobby than that which is concerned with the collecting of old books.

Once a man has experienced the thrill of this kind of hunt, he finds it more fascinating to track down an ancient manuscript than would a G

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man or an M.P. in locating and putting away Herr Hitler. Such manuscripts have a way of hiding themselves that is simply uncanny. They may be sitting innocently on a table in clear view of all who pass by. Yet nobody will see them. They may be tucked away in the private library of the collector himself, but like a blind man he is oblivious to the fact.

And then a small piece is printed in a newspaper declaring that such and such a book is priceless, well, if not quite priceless, worth \$20,000 at least. A hundred human hounds are immediately sent forth with noses to the ground to ferret out the precious volume. Foreign lands are ransacked and a thousand idle clues are traced to their futile end. At last the book is found right there at home. An expert is brought in to translate the funny figures on the first page, namely, MDCCXX, or whatever they are; and when it is settled that they really represent something antique, the book is dusted off (all old books are unaccountably grimy), it is placed on the cocktail table as a sign of the culture of the owner, and the daily journals print a flattering article on the extraordinary find, not sparing names.

There are few feelings of accomplishment that are as satisfying as that. Of course, the print inside the book may be as strange as the signs of the Zodiac, and as meaningless. But again, a very important warning must be reiterated; a collector should not let his worries be too great as to what is inside the covers. While he is not in exactly the same category as the character who is using books as a means of tasty decorations, and thereby is concerned chiefly with appearance, he is nevertheless of the

same family in so far as his chief concern is the little mysterious date just inside the cover. And lest someone think that he is interested in the contents rather than the age of the book, let him leave it open at that place where the date is printed legibly and in clear sight. He might be well advised, even, on having a small note, written by a professor, appended to the volume in which he explains, again with the help of the professor, what it is all about. Pighides of themselves are so uninteresting; and very few people can recognize value when they see it. They must be told.

The third great use to which books can be put, is to serve as a sewer or a cesspool for the drainage of minds that overflow with smelly substances which surely would poison the one so afflicted were he compelled to hold this fetid matter within the limited lines of his benighted brain.

It is unknown to the medical profession why the minds of some individuals are inclined to foam more profusely than the minds of others, although the tentative explanation has been given that minds are like soap—some bars make more suds than others. And it is unknown to all professions why such supererogating minds should be allowed to flow over in public receptacles like books. Rather (it has been suggested), they should be set aside in some arid spot amongst caves and graves and allowed to drain on rocky ground where there is not even vegetation to be contaminated. A precedent is pointed out in the ancient treatment of the lepers. Society was only anxious to protect itself.

Be that as it may, and such remarks are only too often made by

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the reactionary and the acrimonious, books do form the basin for the most enviable sewers. Bright jackets, that is, paper coverings over the cardboard or leather covers, in brilliant, smashing colors, form the sides; while solid whites and gleaming blacks comprise the interior, with perhaps a few illustrations. The moment, however, that they are opened and their contents examined, the fumes arise in nauseating fury, and no antiseptic can allay their odors. One phenomenon must be noted, though, and it is this. Countless people have completely anesthetized their noses so that these members are thoroughly frozen. They — and amongst them are young ladies of great beauty of feature, of a marvelous cleanliness and dignity, of a cer-

tain fragility and softness — they can dip their noses into the very depths of such abysmal sewers as *Forever Amber* and the like, and appear to be impervious to infected air around them. It is a miracle of modern science.

While discussing the matter contained in this paper, someone asked rather impertinently, "But are not books made in order to be read?" Such a question need not be answered. There is a spirit of inquisitiveness as well as insubordination amongst the young of the present day that forebodes ill for the future. The one who asked that question was told severely that children should be seen and not heard, which was proper and to the point. And there the matter ended.

## Elegy on Profits

O sing a dirge for the money-makers,  
The righteously angry profit-takers,  
For gen'ral managers, board directors,  
Exec. V.P.'s and bond selectors,  
Whose hearts are sad and whose souls are burning  
At brazen aims to reveal their earning;  
Who shout this challenge to endless ages:  
Profits have nothing to do with wages!

O shed a tear for the mighty owners  
Who aren't borrowers but often loaners,  
Whose care for gain is so very little  
That all they want is a jot or tittle.  
It's not for gold that their souls are riven,  
It's by their conscience that they are driven  
To tell the world with the voice of sages:  
Profits have nothing to do with wages!

O lend a sob to the crushed employers  
Whose hearts are rent by such base annoyers  
As take the stand to declare that "labor"  
Comes under the text of "love your neighbor";  
That men who work for a paltry pittance  
May seek a slightly increased remittance,  
And keep insisting that profit gauges  
Have something vital to do with wages!

— F. A. Ryan



## For Wives and Husbands Only

D. F. Miller

**Problem:** I have a husband who never tells me anything about his business affairs. He has often expressed himself to the effect that women know nothing about business matters and should be told nothing. He has also said, when I expressed some interest or curiosity in his work, "You run your department and I'll run mine. Your job is raising the children and keeping up the home; mine is making the money." This makes me feel more like a stranger to him than a wife. I doubt that you can do any good in my case, even if my husband were to read whatever you write in answer to the problem; but I have a feeling that your comment on it might be helpful to young couples just starting out in marriage.

**Solution:** You are probably right in fearing that your own rather sorry situation cannot be altered by any kind of comment your husband might read. He is a man who has a very warped idea of the unity that should be effected between man and wife in marriage. It is not your job alone to raise the children and keep a nice home; he is supposed to share that job, at least to the point of being interested in what you are doing, backing you up when necessary, and lending a hand whenever he can. Whatever pertains to the upbringing of the children and the good of the home is the responsibility of both husband and wife, and no man can shake off his part of it by saying: You do your job and I'll do mine.

With regard to his tight-lipped secrecy about his work, there is less compelling reason for the wife being taken into complete confidence. But when a husband tells practically nothing to his wife about his work, it is usually a sign either that he is a self-centered and priggish sort of character, or that a wide rift has come between husband and wife. Sometimes, too, these uncommunicative husbands are covering up something; they feel that if they say nothing about their business, they will have greater freedom to do what they please in business hours. We knew one husband who never told his wife anything about his work; it was the police who finally informed her that his business was safe-cracking. For the benefit of young people who may read this, let it be said that one of the safeguards of married love is a full exchange of confidence about one another's daily work, barring only, of course, professional secrets and their equivalent. Love without confidence and sharing of interests soon evaporates.



## Side Glances

*By the Bystander*

Lenin's contribution to the theory of Marxism was the elaboration of the "technique of revolution"—a set of guiding principles that rank high as a "must" among the studies to be undertaken by the earnest young Communist in the United States as everywhere else in the world. The outstanding feature of this technique is the insistence on utilizing a "revolutionary situation" as a necessary prerequisite for promoting a successful full-scale Communist revolution. The revolutionary situation, in Lenin's scheme, consists of the existence of bitter feelings between different classes in society. Resentment, anger, smoldering hatred, the desire of vengeance for wrong and injustice on the part of various groups in society, constitute a fertile field for the aspirations of the revolution-minded Communist. It is his task to maintain the injustice, to prevent settlements, to obstruct justice so that finally the outraged victims grow desperate and are ready for any violent action. When that step is reached, he has the perfect "revolutionary situation."

Fortunately for the revolutionary Communist (and unfortunately for the peace-loving world), he does not always have to create the revolutionary situation. In many cases he need only look about him to find situations in which injustice is being done by one group in society to another, and then go to work to exploit the situation and bring it to the perfect revolutionary pitch. The strange thing is that as often as not the people who are guilty of the injustice are the very people who are most vociferous in denouncing the evils of Communism and warning against the revolution; while at the same time they are doing the Communists the indispensable service of setting the stage for the success of the same. Take, for instance, the matter of anti-Semitism. Suppose you were an eager young American Communist yearning to do your bit to hasten the glorious day of the revolution. To accomplish this, as you know from your course in Lenin's technique, it is necessary to en-

courage racial antagonisms to the point where they blossom into revolutionary situations. What a godsend—or rather, since there is no God for you—what a boon it is to find so many organizations and publications doing your spade work for you by arousing sentiment against Jews as Jews! All you need do is sit back and watch them work for the cause; your efforts can be concentrated on the relatively easy task of calling the attention of the Jews of your acquaintance to the injustice of the situation.

Another example is the current General Motors wage dispute and the gilt-edged opportunity the management of that great corporation persists in offering the Communists of the United States for producing a revolutionary situation. The setting for such a situation is present, beyond a doubt. The workers claim that they need a 30 per cent wage raise to offset the rise in the cost of living and the loss of their overtime war wages. They claim, moreover, that the company can well afford to pay the 30 per cent raise without increasing prices. Some of the union leaders who do not follow the Party Line, it is true, have proposed that if the company can show "by arithmetic" that it is unable to pay the full 30 per cent increase, then the workers will take whatever the figures show it can afford. Such a proposal, of course, is completely destructive of a promising revolutionary situation, and no Communist intent on the ideal of an all-out revolution, would listen to it for a moment. He would reject it completely, continuously, obstinately; meanwhile putting out a thick and odoriferous smoke-screen of double-talk designed to irritate and inflame the workers into the proper frame of mind suitable to revolution. The Communist, armed with the Lenin technique, however, does not have to bother his head about this activity during the General Motors dispute. That is being done for him very effectively by somebody else; in fact, by none other than the management of General Motors Corporation itself.



Think of the money that is being saved the Communist propaganda agencies by the expensive advertising carried on in the newspapers and through the mails by General Motors, full of double talk calculated to irritate and inflame the minds of the workers into the proper frame for a revolutionary situation!

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Instead of making an effort to show "by the arithmetic" that it could not afford the 30 per cent raise, General Motors has come forth with a smoke screen of full page advertisements in almost all the newspapers of the country. (One even appeared in the *Oconomowoc Enterprise*, a little weekly paper serving a community of about 5000 souls.) The glaring headline of this advertisement asks the fearful question: "A Look at the Books or a Finger in the Pie?" with the answer in almost equally bold type all over the page to the effect that The United Auto Workers Union has some sinister un-American purpose in "demanding" a "look at the books." The question might reasonably be asked in reply: did the United Auto Workers as a matter of fact ever ask for the right to an inquisitorial checking of the books of General Motors Corporation, or did the union simply request the management of General Motors to give the facts and figures to prove that it could not afford a 30 per cent raise so that the union could lower its demand accordingly? In the latter case, there doesn't seem to be much semblance of a dire plot to wrest management out of the hands of the managers.

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But aside from this consideration, there is another reply to General Motors' question: "A Look at the Books or a Finger in the Pie?" It is well worded by Father William J. Smith, S.J., in his weekly bulletin, *Crown Heights Comment*, which we quote: "There are, roughly, a million people involved in the industry known as General Motors. One half of them are stock-holders; the other half workers. What is called Management is a very small group of men who are the *hired agents*, presumably, of the stock-holders, chosen to run the business. They claim certain absolute control of the disposition of 'profits' and the determination of prices, devoid of any relationship to wages or representation of the workers in regard to the factors of profits and prices. Who

gave this small group of hired agents of capital the absolute dominion over all the elements in the industry? On what basis except that of usurped economic power in the past do they assume that the workers may have no voice in the mutual enterprise of which they are an essential part? There are two essential social partners in any industry—the people who put their money into the venture and the people who supply the human energy that turns that sterile money into a productive force. Management is but the hired agent of one of those elements, that of the investors. . . . 'A Finger in the Pie?' By all means. One finger out of ten is little enough participation by those who provided half the ingredients and half the energy needed to bake it."

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But Father Smith is not the only Catholic expert on labor questions in the country who sees the matter in this way. All the leading Catholic labor papers in the country, *The Wage Earner* of Detroit, *Work* of Chicago, *The Labor Leader* of New York, the labor section of the Jesuit weekly *America*, all have come out against the refusal of General Motors to enter into frank and open conference with their organized labor. Of course these organs represent but meagre influence when compared with full page advertisements in all the leading daily papers of the country and many of the minor weeklies such as General Motors must have paid hundreds of thousands of dollars for. But on the question of authorities pro and con in the dispute, there can hardly be any doubt as to where the greatest of all authorities, the Popes of the social encyclicals, stand. The constant tenor of their teaching was that the evils of the social order will not be corrected until ownership, management and labor, with representatives of the public interest, sit down together and plan together. This could hardly mean that one side might come to the conference table and say: "We'll talk wages, but we won't talk profits. We'll talk wages but we won't talk prices. We'll talk about hours of labor and working conditions, but we won't talk about our earnings." Furthermore, the Popes have laid it down that living wages are the first responsibility of owners and managers, and must be considered before there is any thought of profit-taking. That can hardly mean that there is any ground for saying that "profits have nothing to do with wages."



## Catholic Anecdotes

### *Pastoral Care*

Bishop Miollis of Digne, France, was accustomed to go out into the country after he had celebrated Mass on Sunday and to instruct the children in their catechism. Once he met a boy who was watching sheep. He quickly found out that the boy had not yet been to Mass and that he was not permitted to leave the sheep alone. So the bishop offered to take the boy's place until he came back from Mass. The lad finally consented and gave his staff to the bishop.

When the sheep-owner saw the boy, whom he had hired to watch the sheep, entering the church, he hurried up to him and asked him why he had left the flock alone.

"A priest is watching the sheep for me," said the boy.

"A priest!" said the man excitedly. "A priest! It's a disguised thief who intends to rob us of our sheep!"

Gathering a few of his neighbors, he ran out into the field to catch the supposed thief. There, to the amazement of all, they found their bishop in the midst of the sheep. And in a few words he preached the most impressive sermon they had ever heard on the importance of Sunday Mass.

### *Fidelity*

A priest came one day to the tiny and isolated village of San Matthias, across the border from Bolivia. He was greeted with shouts of joy by the inhabitants, who were Chiquito In-

dians, and who recognized him as a priest at once. But unfortunately he had lost all his Mass equipment on the way to the village, and he shook his head sadly when asked by the excited natives to celebrate Mass for them. When they saw that he meant what he said, they exclaimed, in their own language:

"All right. Then *we* will celebrate Mass."

The next morning the priest accompanied them to their small chapel. Here he found to his astonishment, an altar, with the candles lit, the Gospels ready, but no one to enter the sanctuary. And then, in a plaintive murmur the natives commenced to intone the prayers, the Kyrie, the Gloria, and the Credo.

So long had they been without a priest that it had become a tradition to say Mass by themselves in this manner, something which they had never forgotten, or which had been passed down from father to son, from family to family. They skipped the consecration, but went through the canon without faltering.

And at the end, just as they had been instructed years and years before they said the closing prayers that are said at every Mass the world over. When they left the chapel they begged the priest to come back to them again and bring his chalice so that they could have the real Mass as their fathers had had it before them.



## Pointed Paragraphs

### *The Tragedy of Peace*

One of our traveling correspondents tells us that in the large cathedral of a city he happened to be in at the time, a New Year's religious service was scheduled this year for the hour of 11 to 12 on New Year's eve. The service had been held with great success previously while the war was on, and it was especially crowded last year when "the battle of the bulge" was in progress.

This year the service was to be one of thanksgiving and of prayers for the making of a permanent peace. Even the bishop of the diocese was to be there, leading his flock in loud and timely prayer. But this is the payoff: exactly twelve persons came to the church to offer their thanks to God and to pray for lasting peace. Twelve people, lost in a cathedral that could seat more than a thousand!

Where were the thousands who had been there the previous year? In the night clubs, the theaters, on the streets, in taverns. The war was over — what more need had they of prayer? Their sons were back, or at least safe — why should they make any more sacrifices for prayer? Rationing was ended, liquor was plentiful, the lights were up over theaters and night clubs — why should they turn from all these good things to the solemn silence of a church for prayer?

It is hard to find any comfort in the fact that thousands used to gather, during the war, to pray for

their sons and relatives and for peace, when this is what happens as soon as the war is over. It is hard to conclude that we are anything but a nation of servile and selfish worshippers of God, when we can be driven to our knees only by personal fear.

### *Separations*

Many new words are coined as a result of war. Who ever heard of C rations or of 10 and 1's (confer with the nearest soldier for explanations and definitions) before Hitler invaded Poland? And what dictionary ever carried the expressions, foxholes, flat-tops, and Seabees before the United States went plunging into Europe and the south Pacific?

But the most expressive phrase that came out of the war is the one that was coined at the very end — Separation Center.

Separation is of the very warp and woof of world wars. It begins right at the start. Young men are drawn away from their studies in high school or college, from their loved ones at home, mother and father, wife and sweetheart, from all that is near and dear to them. They are separated from their old way of life in order to travel to far off places in defense of their country. And when they arrive at these far off places they suffer their second separation. Buddies with whom they trained in camps at home are struck down in death, generally a violent and terrible death. This

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second parting is as agonizing as the first. And then when the war is over they undergo their third separation. This takes place in the Separation Center.

Soldiers and sailors and marines look forward to the Separation Centers as they would look forward to a pass or a furlough when they were in combat. To them it means the last step in their service career, the last stop before going home. Yet, even here there is pain in the thought of parting from old friends.

It is difficult for people who have not gone through great danger to realize how close friendships can become when they are cemented by mutual fear and suffering. In the beginning the young men become acquainted with one another, learning to know even what goes on inside the minds of their friends to the right and left of them. As the war goes on they begin to protect and fight for one another even at the cost of great inconvenience. Toward the end of the war they die for one another.

And then all of a sudden they find themselves in the Separation Center, and they know that they must part; and in view of the fact that they come from widely separated places, the probability is that they shall not see each other again. Glad as they are to be in the final stage of army life, still they leave with some reluctance. And more than once in every Separation Center of the country strong men have been seen with tears streaming down their cheeks as they shook hands for the last time and bade a final farewell to men with whom they had lived in mud and rain, with whom they had shared the terrible C and K rations, and to whom on occasion they had given their own blood

that their friends might overcome the effects of a wound inflicted upon them by the enemy.

The Catholic has great consolation in all this, for he above all others knows that there is one place where there never more shall be separations of any kind—and that place is heaven. And so he can shake hands with his buddies in the Separation Center just as during the war he could participate in the poignantly sad ceremony of firing the last volley over the bodies of the slain, without giving himself over to an unavailing grief. By the light of his religion death has become to him no more than a dwindled stream, bridged and protected on every side; the shadow of death is little more than twilight, for he looks upon it in the light of the Lamb.

To the real Catholic soldier the Separation Center is just one more coin that he has to pay in order to buy the happiness of heaven. He pays it gladly, not only because it buys for him his earthly home, but because it buys for him what is infinitely more valuable, his everlasting home with God.

### *Modern Miracles*

When the American troops swept into France from the English Channel on that memorable day in 1944, in order to reduce the Fortress Europe which the Nazis had erected, there was not very much that escaped the destructiveness of their weapons. Buildings toppled; homes went up in flames; bridges collapsed. The whole countryside looked as though a terrible tornado had trampled over it and left nothing but ruins and rubble.

Lisieux, France, the town where

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the Little Flower of Jesus died not so many years ago, was in the direct path of the surging soldiers. And of course, when lives are at stake, and the difference between victory and defeat hangs in the balance, considerations of sentiment cannot be given a moment's thought. If a church is harboring the enemy, and the only way in which the enemy can be dislodged is by the demolition of the church, well, the church must go.

That is why it is so surprising that the chapel in which the body of St. Terese lies is untouched either by bullet or by shell.

Directly attached to this chapel, without so much as an inch between, were two buildings, one on either side. In fact the three buildings in reality made one. While the two structures on each side of the chapel were completely demolished so that hardly a stone stands upon a stone, the last resting place of the saint is untouched. It stands in the midst of ruins like a tower in the midst of the desert. The city is so thoroughly razed that there is not even a place to live in. Yet, the Little Flower preserved, through the power of God, her tomb and the chapel which incloses it. One wonders how it was possible that such complete destruction could be effected without at the same time destroying this one large building that stands in the very middle of the destruction. The only satisfactory explanation seems to be — the power of God, worked through the intercession of the little saint.

The people of the village maintain that this is indeed the greatest miracle of Soeur Terese. She had done many other extraordinary things in the past 50 years. But this miracle surpassed them all.

### *Improvements*

It has been said by experts on safety councils and the like that it is a shame that our country, rich in every material thing, should have to suffer railroad tracks crossing highways at important points, thereby jeopardizing the lives of all who speed by in automobiles.

But little has been said about the opinions of those who are chiefly concerned with the aesthetic aspect of our countryside in so far as the industrial encroaches upon it.

All aesthetes admit that there is no more ghastly sight than that of telephone wires and telephone poles flanking almost every highway in the country. Here is a beautiful broad road, paid for out of the pockets of citizens. It is their road; they travel it not only to go places, but to enjoy the scenery. But what do they see? Rough poles wherever they look. Even the sky does not offer solace to the eyes, for even the sky is cluttered up with the products of the industrialists. Wires at all angles overhead, wires near the earth, wires far overhead, wires everywhere.

The solution they give is this; let the companies that are interested in poles and wires get busy and start digging trenches for their wires. Then they would not need poles, and so much more wood would be conserved for ships in case we ever go to war again. The wires could be buried in the ditches and covered over with dirt, and nobody would know that they were there. And how much more beautiful would not the landscape be! How much more delightful would not a ride in the country be on a Sunday afternoon!



# Liguoriana



EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

*Selected and Edited by J. Schaefer*

## History of Heresies

### *Preface (Cont.):*

The Lord willed that His Church, which alone preserves the true faith, be recognized by its unity. For all the faithful would then profess the same faith handed down to them by that Church. But the devil, as St. Cyprian declares, invented heresies, that by destroying her unity, he might destroy the very faith itself: "He has invented heresies and schisms, whereby he might undermine the faith, corrupt the truth, divide the unity." By inciting men to found many different churches, each one professing a faith contrary to that of the others, the evil spirit hoped that the true faith would be obscured, and that false symbols of faith would be formulated for each different church, or better, for each individual man. An example of this can be found today in England where there are almost as many religions as there are families or individuals. In one and the same family, indeed, each member embraces that religion which is most pleasing to him. God, therefore, determined, says St. Cyprian, to preserve the true faith in the Roman Catholic Church alone. For if there be only one true Church, its doctrine and faith will be preserved intact and incorrupt for all the faithful: "The Primacy was bestowed upon Peter that the Church of Christ and its See might be manifested as one." St. Optatus of Mileva, writing in the

same strain to Parmenianus, says: "You cannot deny knowing that the episcopal See was first conferred on Peter in the city of Rome; and in that one See unity is maintained by all."

Heretics, it is true, also appeal to the unity of their churches. But St. Augustine calls this a "unity against unity." What kind of unity, the holy Doctor exclaims, can all of these churches ever possess, separated as they are from the Catholic Church, which alone is the true Church? Like so many dead branches they have been cut off the vine, the Catholic Church, which shall always remain sound and healthy: "This is the holy Church, the one Church, the true Church, the Catholic Church, combating all heresies, yet overcome by none. Every heresy has fallen from it like useless branches stripped from the vine. The Church, however, remains healthy in her root, in her vine, and in her charity: the gates of hell shall not conquer her."

Lutherans and Calvinists, however, argue that the Catholic Church did for a certain time preserve the true faith (some limit this period to the third century, while others extend it to the fourth or fifth century); from that time on, sound doctrine was corrupted, the Church failed in her office, and instead of a spouse became an adulteress. But such an argument



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can be easily refuted and turned back upon itself. For once it has been established that the Roman Church was the first Church, that it was founded by Jesus Christ, it could never be that it fall into error. The Redeemer Himself has promised that the gates of hell shall never conquer her: "And I say to thee, thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Our adversaries actually do admit that the Roman Church was at one time the true Church — Gerard, one of the first Lutheran ministers, making the following admission: "It is, indeed, certain that the ancient Church (i.e., the Roman) was during the first five hundred years, the true Church and preserved the apostolic doctrine." Now if it were once the true Church, it must of necessity always have been and will always continue to be the true Church, nor can it ever become an adulteress.

Heretics, furthermore, make the claim that the Sacred Scriptures, which contain the font of truth, favor them. But in doing so they make a lie of a dictum of a famous author: "The Scriptures consist not so much in their reading, but in understanding what is read." Every heretic has employed the Scriptures to defend his errors. But in doing so they have acted rashly, for the private interpretation of the Scriptures frequently leads us into error. Rather, the Scriptures must be interpreted according to the doctrines of the Holy Church, for the Church has been given to us as the teacher of true doctrine and to her God manifests the true meaning of the sacred Books. St. Paul says that God has made this Church the very pillar and mainstay of truth.

I think that, if we keep these things

in mind, the study of the history of heresies can be of great profit to us. For it will reveal the truth of our faith as something never wavering, and will make it appear even more beautiful and wonderful. Of even greater profit, moreover, will such a study be in these our own times, when the holiest principles and strongest dogmas of our faith are being boldly called into question. It will also demonstrate the tireless care of God in sustaining His Church in the midst of the many violent storms which arose to submerge her, as well as the marvelous means which He employed in confounding every enemy of the Church. A study of the history of heresies will serve especially to foster a feeling of humility and reverence toward the Church, to increase our gratitude to God for willing that we be born in a land where the Church prospers. For, behold, into what great errors and follies even very learned men have fallen because they have refused to subject themselves to the discipline of the Church.

But now let us come to the purpose of this book. To some such a work as the history of heresies may seem to be superfluous since so many learned and eminent authors, such as Tertullian, St. Ireneus, St. Augustine, Vincent Lerins and others, have already enriched the field with their works. I have been moved to attempt this work, however, because so many of these authors have written such voluminous works on the subject that it is beyond the leisure or means of many to purchase or to read them. I have, therefore, attempted in this book of mine to briefly outline the beginnings and progress of each heresy so that anyone may know sufficiently the heresies and schisms which have infested the Church.

## BOOK LOVERS DEPARTMENT



### CATHOLIC AUTHORS

#### *Erik-Maria Ritter von Kuehnelt-Leddihn, 1909-*

##### **I. Life:**

Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn was born in Styria, Austria on the feast of St. Ignatius, July 31, 1909. His parents were noble Austrians who entertained many diplomats and military leaders at their home during the first World War. Erik received his education in the schools of Austria and Hungary. He received his M.A. in 1934, and his Ph.D. in 1937 at the University of Budapest. He has spent a great part of his life in travelling and observing. At the age of ten he visited for the first time Denmark; at twelve he spent some time in England. During his college years he spent more time in travelling than he did in the classroom. The control that Hitler gradually gained over the East sent him first to England and then to America. In the United States he has taught at Georgetown, Fordham, and several other Catholic Universities. During the war he was instructor in Japanese (which he had learned in Vienna from Yamashita) at Fordham. Each summer he covered around 14,000 miles in seeing the United States. He now lives in New York and teaches at St. Joseph's College. He plans to return to his own country as soon as possible.

##### **II. Writings:**

At the age of sixteen, Erik wrote and published his first article. He also became the Vienna correspondent for the London Spectator. He has written for many different periodicals in Europe and the United States. He is a Catholic who writes of life as it actually is. His main concern is with the forces of sin and suffering the Prince of Evil

has unleashed on the world. Some have taken objection to the frankness with which he portrays. Whether he is too graphic or not, still he never in any way justifies and glorifies sin. It is always presented as something evil and negative. Von Kuehnelt-Leddihn is a Catholic who knows of the tremendous power exerted by the Devil among men infected with Original Sin.

His novels have been concerned with religious and political conditions in the central Europe that he knows so well. In this part of the world the powers of evil have become very powerful. *Night Over the East* is the story of the loves and hates of three men who are working for the liberation of Macedonia from Serbian domination. *The Gates of Hell* tells of the forces in ferment in central Europe.

##### **III. The Novel:**

Von Kuehnelt-Leddihn has written a trilogy on the power of the Devil. The last novel of this trilogy has been translated under the title: *Moscow 1979*. It is a prophetic picture of the world some thirty years from now. All of Europe except Spain is Communistic. The Pope is a Filipino who lives in San Francisco. The only Catholic Bishop in all Russia is Ulyan Karlovitch, a high Russian labor official. Atheism and materialism have triumphed and made men mere soulless cogs in the wheels of the government. In this setting Ulyan tries to be true to the high obligations of his episcopal dignity. The book ends with the powerful scene of the martyrdom of the Bishop at peace with his God, but in irrevocable disgrace with his superiors in the Church.

## February Book Reviews

### *Another Novel by E. J. Edwards, S.V.D.*

From his place of convalescence Father Edwards continues to send forth his novels. *This Night Called Day* (Bruce, 220 pp., \$2.00), his fourth novel, is a story of hope. It is a modern tale of the age old struggle of man with the presence of pain and suffering. Doctor Gayle Wade is a self-sufficient man of the world. Life held no uncertainties or terrors for him. There was nothing to which he did not know the answer. God did not figure in his self hermetically sealed world. A happy marriage added the last joy that was necessary for perfect happiness. But God stepped onto the scene and took away his young wife. Now his world was shattered. The problem of loss and pain was something that did not fit into his snug sphere of life. For a time Wade lived a life of bewilderment and despair. The war offered an opportunity to work and forget the suffering but it brought only fresh wounds and bitterness. Finally through the influence of his dead wife he finds the answer to the problem of pain that can only come from above.

This story is well told. The moral problem involved does not delay the action of the plot. The psychological questionings are not too lengthy. Some of the characters are well sketched. The crippled Padre supplies the gentle touch and vision of a spiritual man. The Padre's sister is a kindly self-sacrificing soul. One objection from an artistic standpoint is the introduction of a mysterious scent of his dead wife's favorite perfume at critical parts of the story. This seems an unlikely occurrence even in the supernatural realm. Unlike some of the recent Catholic novels that have appeared recently, *This Night Called Day* is worth reading. Catholic publishers should learn that a Catholic novel must possess literary merit. This novel leaves the lesson taught by a far greater novelist, Canon Sheehan, that work and worship are the only sure occupations in the night that is called day.

### *Catholic Information by David Goldstein*

David Goldstein has celebrated his fortieth year of Catholic propaganda activity by publishing his seventh book. *What Say You* (Radio Replies Press, 446 pp., \$2.75) gives the answers of a Catholic layman to the various questions hurled at him by the

man in the street. Mr. Goldstein chooses and develops some of the more important questions in this book.

In a well organized plan of seventeen chapters Mr. Goldstein presents a rounded and complete view of the basic Catholic doctrines. The dogma on the existence and nature of God, of Christ and His Church and the sacramental system are the fundamental topics. Some of the individual treatises will be of interest. The discussion of the Jewish problem by a converted Jew will be worth reading. His answer to the query, What is Anti-Semitism, is important. "I believe it is the Messiah permitting punishment unto justice. Thus are the Jews being called unto Him, Who will lighten their burden and bring rest to their souls." An account of the origin of Santa Claus and the Christmas tree is also given.

*What Say You* can be recommended to all those who seek a better knowledge of the Catholic Church. It can be used as a handy reference work or as a book to be read from cover to cover. The detailed table of contents greatly increases the usefulness of the book. The treatment of objections is courteous and at times humorous. A Catholic will be imbued with some of the zeal of this ardent Campaigner for Christ by reading his latest work.

### *The Catholic High School*

In recent years much interest has been shown in the problems of youth. Surveys have been made of the reactions of the young people themselves to their difficulties. In keeping with this trend, Brother William Mang, C.S.C., has recently sent out his doctorate thesis on *The Curriculum of the Catholic High School for Boys* (Ave Maria Press, 330 pp.). The purpose of this study is to learn whether the curriculum offered in our Catholic schools meets the interests and the needs of the Catholic boy. In order to gather factual material forty eight Catholic High Schools sent in answers to detailed questionnaires; twenty one of these schools were visited personally by the author. These schools were all located in the middle western part of the United States. The studies, the textbooks, the special interests of the boys in religious, recreational and instructional fields were examined in great detail. The subjects that the boys liked best

and least in the curriculum were ascertained by the replies of the boys.

Brother William concludes that the current curriculum is not adequate to the needs of the American boy. It is woefully deficient in the commercial and industrial fields. It is too traditional without the necessary adaptation to modern circumstances. The average Catholic High School in this survey concentrates on preparing its students for college when only one out of four will go on to higher studies. Replies received from graduates shows that there is little relationship between what the pupils learn in school and what they will probably do in their out-of-school life. Brother William has presented a factual plea for some modernization in our Catholic schools. In no way does he advocate the complete abandonment of the traditional cultural subjects that aim to educate the whole man. Educators will find this an objective basis for an examination of the curriculum used in their schools.

### Two Smaller Works of St. Thomas

The Thomistic revival has led to an ever widening group of followers of St. Thomas. Many of them are hindered in the direct reading of the *Common Doctor* by their inability to manage the Latin of the original works. Sr. Rose Emmanuella Brennan, S.H.N., has performed a valuable service for this group in translating *The Trinity and the Unicity of the Intellect* (Herder, 289 pp., \$3.00). Father Ignatius Smith, O.P. in his preface tells us that these two masterful treatises are necessary reading for an understanding of the thought and character of St. Thomas. *The Trinity* is a commentary on Boethius's treatise on the Trinity. Besides the doctrine on the Trinity, passages of philosophic interest are contained in the matter presented. *The Unicity of the Intellect* is a polemical work against the false teaching of the Averroists of the thirteenth century. St. Thomas grows eloquent in his defense of a true interpretation of Aristotle. The nature of the intellect as personal to each individual person is here vindicated. Students and teachers of Philosophy and Theology will find this translation of value to them in the direct knowledge of the works of St. Thomas. An index increases the usefulness of both works.

### Practice of the Presence of God

From the seventeenth century comes this small book on the *Practice of the Presence of God* (Newman, 127 pp., \$2.25). Its author is a Discalced Carmelite, Brother Lawrence of the Resurrection. The author was a holy brother whose letters of direction and spiritual maxims have been preserved. A short account of his life precedes the teachings of the book. Brother Lawrence shows how to acquire a sense of the perpetual presence of God. There is no strain or haste in his method. The price is high for the fewness of pages in the book.

### The Ten Commandments

*The Mosaic Manifesto* (Radio Replies Press, 68 pp., \$.10) explains in a simple way the ten commandments for children and converts. The doctrine is presented in an orderly and intelligent way. Those who are called to instruct others will find use for this booklet. The durable loose-leaf format facilitates classroom use.

### A Call for Heroes and Heroines

Father Lord tells us that his latest pamphlet is a booklet for heroes and heroines. "All others will waste their time if they read it." *The Chance of a Lifetime* (Queen's Work, 40 pp., \$.10) is an urgent appeal to young American boys and girls to dedicate themselves directly to the service of God. Father Lord outlines the motives that will elicit response from generous souls. Those returning from defending their country and who are seeking some vocation to give meaning to their lives would do well to read this pamphlet of Father Lord's.

### For the Catholic Layman

*The Catholic Layman's Guide* (St. Paul, 36 pp., \$.25) is a very practical and handy summary of Catholic Faith and practice. It lists the reasons why one should be a Catholic, the necessary prayers, the conditions necessary for reception of the Sacraments. Such useful items as the proper way to make a genuflection are also included. *The Catholic Layman's Guide* is a book to have at hand for ready reference and occasional reading by all who want to keep fresh the lessons of their Faith.

## Best Sellers

A Moral Evaluation of Current Books, published by "Best Sellers,"  
University of Scranton, Scranton, Pennsylvania

### I. Suitable for general reading:

War Years With Jeb Stuart — *Blackford*  
Molders of Opinion — *Bulman*  
Self-Revelation of the Adolescent Boy — *Fleege*  
Plantation Parade — *Kane*  
Dark Was the Wilderness — *O'Grady*  
The Perilous Flight — *Swanson*  
Chunking Listening Post — *Tennien*  
Our Father's House — *Gable*  
Wartime Mission in Spain — *Hayes*  
General Marshall's Report — *Marshall*  
Pillars of the Church — *Maynard*  
The Book of Catholic Authors — *Romig*  
The Splendor of the Rosary — *Ward*  
Francesca Cabrini — *Borden*  
Too Small a World — *Maynard*  
Between Ourselves — *Roche*  
The World, the Flesh and Father Smith — *Marshall*

### II. Suitable for adults only because of:

A. Contents and style too advanced for adolescents:  
A Nation of Nations — *Adamic*  
Double Trouble — *Blunt*  
Lost Continent — *Busch*  
Watchful at Night — *Fast*  
Judd Rankin's Daughter — *Glaspell*  
Rumor Hath It — *Hale*  
Repent in Haste — *Marquard*  
History of World War II — *Miller*  
Many Long Years Ago — *Nash*  
From My Library Walls — *Orcutt*  
Rogue's Gallery — *Queen*  
The Gauntlet — *Street*  
The Dead Lie Still — *Stuart*  
A Well of Fragrant Writers — *Wimsatt*  
Freedom and Responsibility in the American Way of Life — *Becker*  
The New Veteran — *Bolte*  
Portrait of a Marriage — *Buck*  
My Wayward Parent, Irvin S. Cobb — *Cobb*  
Exile in the Stars — *Donohue*  
Black Metropolis — *Drake*  
The Saints That Moved the World — *Fulop-Miller*  
A Catholic Looks at the World — *McMahon*

Sea, Surf and Hell — *Mercey*  
The Chinese Constitution — *Pan*  
On a Note of Triumph — *Corwin*  
These Are the Russians — *Lauterbach*  
Through Japanese Eyes — *Tolischus*

### B. Immoral incidents which do not invalidate the book as a whole:

Beach Red — *Bowman*  
The Fearful Passage — *Branson*  
The Marriage of Josephine — *Coryn*  
The Far Away Music — *Meeker*  
Officially Dead — *Reynolds*  
For Thee the Best — *Aldanov*  
Laughing Stock — *Cerf*  
Where My Love Sleeps — *Dowdey*  
The Egg and I — *MacDonald*  
Outside Eden — *Rorick*  
Days and Nights — *Simonov*  
G.I. Joe — *Berger*  
Jennifer's House — *Govan*  
A Lion Is in the Streets — *Langley*

### III. Unsuitable for general reading but permitted for discriminating adults:

Most Secret — *Shute*  
The Lonely Steeple — *Wolfson*  
You and I — *Brinig*  
Lights Out — *Kendrick*  
A History of Western Philosophy — *Russell*  
Sons of the Morning — *Schrag*  
The Plot Against Peace — *Sayer*  
American Guerilla in the Philippines — *Wolfert*  
The Young Jefferson — *Bowers*  
The Male Hormone — *DeKruif*  
Daysprings — *Sylvester*

### IV. Not recommended to any class of readers:

The Devil in the Bush — *Head*  
The Manatee — *Bruff*  
Any Number Can Play — *Heth*  
Daisy Kenyon — *Janeway*  
Coming Home — *Cohen*  
The Best Is Yet — *Ernst*  
The Upstart — *Marshall*  
The Middle Span — *Santayana*  
Dragon Harvest — *Sinclair*  
Some of These Days — *Tucker*  
The Human Life of Jesus — *Erskine*  
Border City — *Stowell*



## Lucid Intervals

The servant problem being what it is, a wealthy young housewife was delighted to hear that a strong and willing girl had just arrived from Lapland and was looking for a job. The girl readily consented to an interview, but it developed that she could neither cook, clean, take care of the children, nor do the laundry. The baffled housewife said, "But my dear, what *can* you do?"

The young Lap proudly answered, "I can milk reindeer."

✽

A casting director of a big Hollywood studio was interrupted by his secretary, who said, "There is a man outside who insists upon seeing you immediately."

"What does he do?" said the casting director.

"He tells me," said the secretary, "that he specializes in sticking his right arm into the lion's cage in big jungle pictures."

"That sounds interesting," said the director. "What does he call himself?"

"Lefty," said the secretary.

✽

The Scotch chemistry professor was demonstrating the properties of various acids. "Watch carefully," he instructed. "I am going to drop this two-shilling piece into this glass of acid. Will it dissolve?"

"No, sir," spoke up one student very promptly.

"No?" asked the demonstrator. "Perhaps you'll explain to the class why it won't dissolve."

"Because," came the answer, "if it would, you wouldn't drop it in."

✽

The coming-out party of Lucinda Freedman was in full swing. Her proud father kept making a tour of the house to see that the guests were enjoying themselves. Near the buffet stood Yascha Binder.

"Have a sandwich, Mr. Binder," suggested the host.

"I had one," replied Yascha.

"You had three—but have another one, anyway," said Freedman.

In the early days in Arizona when frontier justice was the rule, there was one two-fisted judge who ruled his court with an iron hand plus a pair of six-shooters. The only book in the whole town was an authentic first edition of a Sears Roebuck catalogue. The judge kept it on his desk and whenever it came time to give a sentence, he would consult its pages. One morning he opened the book at random, glanced at the open page, and shook a gnarled finger at a prisoner. "I fine you," he said, "\$3.49."

The prisoner started to protest. "Shut up," whispered his lawyer. "You're the luckiest coot in town. Supponsin' he had turned to 'pianos' instead of 'babies' dresses?"

✽

London *Tit-Bits* tells of a thrifty native who discovered that instead of putting coins in the gas meter, he could obtain much the same effect by blowing smartly into the slot. At length an inspector from the gas company called to read the meter. He was obviously puzzled by his findings. "What's the matter?" asked the householder.

"Man," said the inspector. "I don't understand it at all. The company seems to owe you three pounds ha'penny."

✽

You meet a girl and you surrender;

Though God knows why, you're kind and tender;

You're husband, lover, sister, brother,

Companion, banker, father, mother;

You try your best to be worthy of her;

You make mistakes, but she knows you love her;

You're hers completely, and you show it:

And what thanks do you get? The gate

—I know it!

✽

"Pardon me, ma'am," said the young man to the fat woman who was jostling him in the subway, "my rib—is it crushing your elbow?"





## An Invitation to Catholic Writers, Editors, Authors, Reporters—

The Catholic Press Association of the United States, a trade association of 204 Catholic newspapers and magazines, encourages enrollment of Associates under the following provision of its Constitution:

"Associate members shall consist of Catholic men and women writers of good repute, persons now or formerly engaged in literary pursuits. Associate members shall be officially and collectively known as the Catholic Press Association League of Writers. Any ten or more associate members residing in the same community may organize themselves into local units, elect their own officers, have their own constitution and by-laws. Each such unit may send one delegate to the national convention."

Associate Members in good standing receive The Catholic Journalist and special bulletins in addition to fellowship with other Catholic writers, editors, artists, poets, publishers, and other members of the publishing and advertising professions.

.....

J. A. SHANAHAN, *Executive Secretary*  
Catholic Press Association  
572 Russ Building, San Francisco 4, California

Please enroll me as an Associate Member of the Catholic Press Association. I enclose the annual dues of two dollars (\$2.00).

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# Motion Picture Guide

The following films have been rated as unobjectionable by the board of reviewers:

## UNOBJECTIONABLE FOR GENERAL PATRONAGE

### Reviewed This Week

Frontier Gunlaw  
Northwest Trail

### Previously Reviewed

Abbott and Costello in Hollywood  
Adventures for Two  
Adventures of Rusty  
Along the Navajo Trail  
Anchors Aweigh  
Appointment in Tokyo  
Arson Squad  
Bad Men of the Border  
Bells of St. Mary's, The  
Blazing the Western Trail  
Border Bad Men  
Boston Blackie's Rendezvous  
Both Barrels Blazing  
Captain Eddie  
Captain Kidd  
Caribbean Mystery, The  
Code of the Lawless  
Colorado Pioneers  
Daltons Ride Again, The  
Ding Dong Williams  
Easy to Look At  
Enchanted Forest, The  
Fighting Bill Carson  
Flaming Bullets  
Follow That Woman  
Forever Yours  
Frontier Feud  
Frontier Fugitives  
Gay Senorita, The  
Girl of the Limberlost  
Her Highness and the Bellboy  
Hidden Eye, The  
Hit the Hay  
House on 92nd Street, The  
I Love a Band Leader  
Johnny in the Clouds  
Junior Miss  
Lawless Empire  
Life With Blondie  
Lightning Raiders  
Lonesome Trail  
Lost Trail, The  
Man from Oklahoma  
Man to Remember, A  
Miss Susie Slagle's  
Mr. Muggs Rides Again  
Navajo Kid  
Nob Hill  
On Stage Everybody  
Oregon Trail  
Our Vines Have Tender Grapes  
Outlaws of the Rockies  
Out of the Depths  
Prairie Rustlers  
Pursuit to Algiers  
Radio Stars on Parade  
Renegades of the Rio Grande  
Return of the Durango Kid, The  
Rhythm Round Up  
Riders of the Dawn  
Rockin' in the Rockies

Rough Riders of Cheyenne  
Rustlers of the Badlands  
Saddle Serenade  
Scotland Yard Investigator  
See My Lawyer  
Senorita from the West  
Shanghai Cobra, The  
Silver Fleet, The  
Sing Your Way Home  
Song of Old Wyoming  
South of the Rio Grande  
Springtime in Texas  
Stagecoach Outlaws  
State Fair  
Sunbonnet Sue  
Sunset in El Dorado  
Texas Panhandle  
They Were Expendable  
Thousand and One Nights, A  
Three in the Saddle  
Tokyo Rose  
Trail of Kit Carson  
True Glory, The  
Wagon Wheels Westward  
Walk in the Sun, A  
Wanderer of the Wasteland  
What Next Corporal Hargrove?  
West of the Pecos  
White Pongo  
Woman in Green, The  
You Came Along  
You Can't Do Without Love

## UNOBJECTIONABLE FOR ADULTS

### Reviewed This Week

Because of Him  
Shock  
Tarzan and the Leopard  
Woman

### Previously Reviewed

Abilene Town  
And Then There Were None  
Angel Comes to Brooklyn, An  
Back to Bataan  
Beautiful Cheat, The  
Bell for Adano, A  
Bewitched  
Blonde from Brooklyn  
Breakfast in Hollywood  
China Sky  
Cisco Kid in Old New Mexico  
Colonel Blimp  
Col. Edgingham's Raid  
Come Out Fighting  
Conflict  
Cornered  
Crime Doctor's Warning  
Crimson Canary, The  
Dakota  
Danger Signal  
Dangerous Intruder  
Dangerous Partners  
Deadline at Dawn  
Detour  
Dick Tracy  
Divorce  
Don't Fence Me In

Duffy's Tavern  
Falcon in San Francisco, The  
Falcon's Alibi, The  
Flame of the West  
Game of Death, A  
George White's Scandals  
Girls of the Big House  
Great John L., The  
Guy Could Change, A  
Harvey Girls, The  
Hold That Blonde  
I'll Remember April  
I Ring Doorbells  
Isle of the Dead  
It Happened at the Inn  
Johnny Angel  
Kiss and Tell  
Lady on a Train  
Last Chance, The  
Leave Her to Heaven  
Letter for Evie, A  
Lost Weekend, The  
Love, Honor and Goodbye  
Love Letters  
Mama Loves Papa  
Man Alive  
My Name Is Julia Ross  
My Reputation  
Naughty Nineties  
One Way to Love  
Out of This World  
Over 21  
Pardon My Past  
Paris Underground  
Penthouses Rhythm  
People Are Funny  
Portrait of Maria  
Pride of the Marines  
Prison Ship  
Rhapsody in Blue  
River Boat Rhythm  
River Gang  
San Antonio  
Shadow of Terror  
Shady Lady  
She Went to the Races  
Song of Mexico  
Spanish Main, The  
Spellbound  
Spider, The  
Stork Club, The  
Strange Affair of "Uncle Harry,"  
The  
Strange Confession  
Strangler of the Swamp  
Strange Mr. Gregory, The  
Tell It to a Star  
Ten Cents a Dance  
That's the Spirit  
This Love of Ours  
Too Young to Know  
Trouble Chasers  
Twice Blessed  
Vacation from Marriage  
Voice of the Whistler, The  
Weekend at the Waldorf  
Why Girls Leave Home  
Within These Walls  
Woman Who Came Back, The  
Wonder Man  
Yolanda and the Thief  
Ziegfeld Follies